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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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Au Courant.

PADEREWSKI, according to all reports, has been making a very handsome sum during his American tour, some £40,000 being set down as the result of seventy-five recitals. Well may the poet of the *St. James's Gazette* tune his lyre to the following strains:

Orpheus with his lute could raise
Towns from stones, and trees uproot;
Safe through Pluto's kingdom strays
Orpheus with his lute.

Ah! he visits nowadays
Plutus, seeking golden fruit:
Dollars take the place of bays.

So to rightly sing his praise,
And the modern style to suit,
We must slightly change the phrase—
"Orpheus with his loot."

In this connection a pathetic little story has recently been told, which is more likely to be true than many other anecdotes which have been recorded of the eminent pianist. "You must be a happy man," said one to him. And this was the reply: "You are perhaps not aware that my wife died some years ago, and that my only child is an incurable cripple. He is all I have in the world, and my wealth and fame can do absolutely nothing for him. My only motive in studying for the career of a public artist was that I should at last be able to obtain the best medical advice for my boy. Alas! I have found it an idle dream. And when the public, which is always so kind to me, applauds me, I think of the little fellow lying on his couch in the house by the sea which I have taken for him, and I feel how poor and how vain it all is." It is said, by the way, that Paderewski has commissioned his countryman, Jean de Reszké, to purchase for him an estate in Poland, upon which he intends to build himself a chateau in view of his retirement from public life.

A PROPOS of my last month's reference to the crazy Jullien, Mr. H. P. Harwar, of Furnivall's Inn, writes: "You have omitted to mention the duel which Jullien fought in France, when his antagonist ran his sword through his body and left it there. Jullien pursued him as he rode off and stabbed him fatally in the back. Then, still leaving the sword in his body to prevent the blood rushing out, he set off for a surgeon, who succeeded in saving his life." I had never heard of this duel; but with all deference to my correspondent, I think he must be drawing somewhat on his imagination in that matter of the

sword. As for Jullien, he would require an entire article to do him justice. *Punch's* cartoons have preserved his image with the greatest exactness. There you will see him with coat thrown widely open, white waistcoat, elaborately embroidered shirt-front, wrist-bands of extravagant width turned back over his cuffs, a wealth of black hair, and a black moustache, which was itself a startling novelty. In this guise he wielded his bâton, encouraged his forces, repressed the turbulence of his audience with indescribable gravity and magnificence, went through all the pantomime of the British Army Quadrille, seized a violin or piccolo at the moment of climax, and at last sank exhausted into his gorgeous velvet chair. Jullien conducted all pieces of Beethoven with a jewelled bâton, and in a pair of clean kid gloves handed him at the moment on a silver salver. Oh, yes, there is no doubt that Jullien was crazy.

THE late Ambroise Thomas's post as Director of the Paris Conservatoire has been filled by the appointment of M. Theodore Dubois. The new director thus continues a connection with the Conservatoire which began when, as a poor lad of seventeen, he went to Paris to study for his profession. He carried off all the prizes and honours of the institution, and presently settled down to what has been practically his life-work—the work of a church musician. From being master of the choristers at La Madeleine, he became the successor of Saint Saëns at the grand organ, where he has long been recognised as one of the master-players of the world. Dubois' compositions, which are mostly of a religious character, are much played by English organists; but he has written also some first-rate music for the piano. In making this appointment the management of the Conservatoire have taken a welcome step forward. They used to have a fancy for musicians of the old Cherubini type, but Dubois is neither a pedant nor a fossil. Doubtless he will put some new life into the ancient institution.

THE humanising influence of art is admirably illustrated by a pleasant story told about the late Ambroise Thomas in one of the French papers. At the time of the Franco-German war the deceased *maestro* remained in Paris throughout the Siege and Commune. As soon as things had quieted down his first care was to visit his charming suburban villa at Argenteuil, expecting to find a mere heap of ruins, for that quarter had suffered much at the hands of the invaders. To his intense

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surprise, Thomas found the ornamental iron gate closed, the garden well tended and trim, the house itself in perfect order. In a state of bewilderment he opened the front door and entered the dining-room, where a clue to the mystery met his eyes. On the table lay a card bearing the name of his unwelcome tenant, a German officer of distinction, underneath whose military title were pencilled the words, "Meyerbeer's nephew." There is *camaraderie* among musicians after all!

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A REPRESENTATIVE of *The Minute* has been having a chat with Mr. Frederick Weatherley, the song-writer, but has not elicited much that we did not know already. We were all aware, for example, that Mr. Weatherley has been writing the words of all the most famous songs of the day for twenty years and more; and most of us knew that he was responsible for the English libretto of *Rustic Chivalry*, *L'Amico Fritz*, *Pagliacci* and *Amy Robsart*. But the interviewer managed to get a good story out of the song-writing barrister. "A rather amusing thing happened to me once," said Mr. Weatherley. "I was being measured for some clothes and the tailor asked me if I was any relation to the famous Weatherley. I told him that depended on what he meant by 'famous.' 'Famous,' said the man, 'why, of course he's famous; he made £20,000 by selling sweets down in Battersea.'" Mr. Weatherley generally writes his songs at the sea-side. He lies on the cliffs with a novel till an inspiration comes, and then he puts down the song straight off. That seems to be a charmingly easy way of making a fine little income.

* * *

THE Liverpool press continues to break out now and again on the subject of the Corporation organ recitals. One party wants a permanent successor to Mr. Best; another party wants to have the present system of inviting various players continued. There is no doubt whatever that this latter system has proved a failure. Nor is there any difficulty in stating the reasons of this failure. The organ in St. George's Hall is an instrument to which very few men can do justice—to say nothing of doing justice to themselves—without a prolonged course of study. It is related that the late Mons. Lemmens said that he would not undertake to give a recital upon it under nine months' practice! Of course this is far-fetched, but we know what it implies. Many of the players who have given recitals since Mr. Best's retirement have had to be content with a few hours' practice, with such result as might have been foreseen. It is therefore on every ground advisable that a permanent organist of high standing should be appointed; and one may express the hope that the Corporation will at once decide on its committee's recommendation to appoint such an organist. The salary to be offered is £300; individual players at present have £5 and expenses. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the impossibility of finding a worthy successor to Mr. Best. If Dr. Peace of Glasgow were appointed nobody but a newspaper critic would presume to know the difference. Dr. Peace knows the St. George's Hall instrument better than any organist in the kingdom; the only question is, would he exchange Glasgow for Liverpool?

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As I write a fête on an extensive scale is being arranged in Berlin to celebrate, on the 1st of June, the seventieth birthday of Herr Carl Bechstein, the founder of the famous firm of piano-makers. The London representative of the

has kindly sent me a printed account, in German, of the rise of the firm, from which I learn that the business begun modestly in 1856 has now extended until there are three factories in Berlin, employing about five hundred workmen, and producing some three thousand five hundred instruments a year. Herr Bechstein was born at Gotha in June, 1826. He got his experience by working at several factories, and when only twenty-two was manager of Perau's factory in Berlin. Subsequently he studied his art in London and Paris, and when he was thirty started the business which has made his name known all over the world. Bechstein's three sons now successfully assist him in the management of his factories and offices.

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LADIES in particular will be interested in the novel presentation which was recently made to Madame Nordica at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Certain lady admirers of the distinguished vocalist formed themselves into a committee, and collected subscriptions, limited to £2 each, for the purchase of a tiara of 233 diamonds, and valued at over £1,000. The coronet is described as of Adams' pattern, of the period of the first empire. There is a band of gold at its base, but the setting of the stones is in platinum, a new device, which is said to impart extra brilliancy to the diamonds. There are seventy-five stones in the lowest row, and sixty-six larger diamonds are arranged as a cluster of sprigs and flowers, each sprig tapering off to a large single stone.

* * *

THE Wagner literature increases abundantly, the natural sequel of the increase in the popularity of the composer's music-dramas. The latest addition to the store is a volume by Miss J. L. Weston dealing with the legends of the Wagner drama, in which we have a series of studies in the sources from which the master drew his characters and stories. The literary aspects of Wagner's greatness have been to some extent lost sight of in his purely musical attainments. But not the least of his claims upon the German people lies in the fact that in his determination to establish a national drama he went for his materials to the old sagas and myths of the Teutonic races, as these were narrated in the works of the mediæval German writers, and thus he did much to rescue from neglect a body of literature that is both interesting and valuable. To explain the origins of the different myths and legends which Wagner adopted for his dramatic needs, and to show how much Wagner used and how much he threw away, is the object of Miss Weston's book. The literary sources of Wagner's inspiration have hitherto been best summarized in Franz Muncker's little book, entitled "Richard Wagner"; but the whole subject is dealt with on a larger scale by Miss Weston. These studies will assuredly help to a better understanding of the meaning and purpose of the Wagnerian dramas.

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READING lately that somewhat flagitious work, the correspondence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, I came upon a rather interesting reference to Paganini. Sharpe says he was much surprised at the fiddler's performance, though to his imperfect taste it seemed anything but pleasing; he feels sure that Handel—why Handel?—would have said that it was music dancing on a rope. Sharpe then goes on to quote the story which credits Paganini with having three wives, one of whom he tickled to death by "shaking a double thrill (*sic*) with his



fingers on the soles of her feet," after he had tied both feet and hands. The *finale* of the story is that Paganini was thrown into jail on suspicion, where he practised on a fiddle with only one string, "which now gives him such a command of the fourth string." Of course there is no proof that Paganini ever was in prison; but he certainly had a diabolical face—the very visage of Macklin, the player, in the character of Shylock, as Sharpe remembers it in prints and pictures. What a fine lot of hoary stories and mythical traditions still hover around the name of this wizard of the violin!

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THE unveiling by the Emperor Franz Josef of a monument to Mozart on one of the finest sites in Vienna may be regarded as a tardy tribute paid by the Austrian capital to the memory of the composer who has contributed so much to the sum of human enjoyment, and who, during his all too brief life, was but indifferently treated, both by the city of his adoption and by the Imperial family, but to whose pleasure he had indefatigably ministered. Even more truly than in the case of Robert Burns, it may be said of Mozart that "he asked for bread and they gave him a stone," though even that was denied him till more than sixty years after his death. For, as we all know, it was not until 1859 that the first monument to his memory was erected in Vienna, on the "probable" place of his interment. That Vienna and the Austrian Emperor should now do honour to his memory is fitting; but, after all, Mozart's noblest monument is to be found in his works.

* * *

AND speaking of monuments, I am reminded of the proposal to memorialize Sebastian Bach in this way, in the scene of what was practically his life-work. My readers will remember that last year an oaken coffin, believed to contain the remains of Bach, was discovered in the churchyard of the Old Church of St. John at Leipzig. Although it cannot be said that the identification is quite certain, subscriptions are being invited for a monument on the faith of it. The execution of the monument, to be placed in the church on the left side of the altar, will be entrusted to sculptor Senff, who has already been concerned in trying to prove the genuineness of the skull found. The nature and dimensions of the monument will depend on the amount of subscriptions received, but the idea at present is to represent Bach as cantor with *bâton* in hand. Why not Bach as seated at the organ? No one thinks of Bach as a conductor in these days, while everybody thinks of him as an organist and a composer for the organ.

* * *

HAVE you seen the English translation of Gounod's Autobiographic Memoirs? As yet I have had time only to dip into the work, but I see that it is an interesting book, and perhaps I shall give you an account of it in some detail later on. Like all Frenchmen, Gounod shows himself very fond of praise and appreciation. After the first performance of *Sappho* (in 1851) he found his friend Berlioz with his eyes still wet with tears. And this is what we read:

I threw my arms around him, and said, "Oh, dear Berlioz, come and show those wet eyes of yours to my mother. No newspaper paragraph about my opera will make her half so proud."

He granted my request, and said to her, "Madame, I do not think anything has touched me so much for the last twenty years."

The idea of Berlioz, with all his excess of enthusiasm, keeping his tears undried, so that his friend's mother might see

them on his cheeks, is decidedly Frenchy. Besides the memoir, the volume contains a set of letters written from London when, after the Franco-Prussian war, the composer despaired of the Republic. They contain wild denunciations of the horrors of war. Thus:

For five whole months humanity has gazed on a horrid sight—the most merciless work of destruction carried on in a century which proudly arrogates to itself the title of "Progress," but the memory of which will go down to posterity stained with the most revolting atrocities. What is progress, forsooth, but the onward march of intelligence in the light of love? And what has this century done, I will not say for the pleasure, but for the happiness of the human race? Napoleon I.! Napoleon III.! William of Prussia! Waterloo! Mitrailleuses! Krupp guns!

We have also an estimate of Berlioz, an appreciative criticism of Saint-Saëns, and an essay on "The Artist and Modern Society," which contains a vigorous attack on those who would seek to make a social "show" of the successful musician. On the whole an interesting book, but too dear at half a guinea.

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MR. F. H. COWEN, as I read, does not believe in the composer having moods and giving way to them, though, of course, it must happen occasionally that a theme comes to one by a sudden inspiration. It is necessary at times to sit down to compose when the inclination to do so is not present, and it will often come about that though you begin work under such unpromising circumstances, some of your best ideas come to you in half an hour or so. Mr. Cowen says that his best opera is *Harold*. He is sorry to say that the *Rose Maiden*, a very early production which he is almost inclined to disown, is his most popular cantata, and *The Sleeping Beauty* ranks next. "The better Land," and "The Promise of Life" are his most popular songs, but he doubts if either represents his best work. He has written fifty or sixty songs that will compare favourably with both of these. Mr. Cowen says that he would rather conduct anyone else's work than his own. This, I believe, was also the opinion of the late Sir Joseph Barnby; and no doubt the anxiety and strain, especially at a first performance, of conducting one's own compositions are particularly trying.

* * *

A prima donna on a bicycle would have startled old-fashioned opera-goers, but the new woman has prepared us for anything nowadays. A few weeks ago the charming Madame Melba might have been seen on the wheel as early as eight in the morning at Chicago. A little mishap occurred at first starting, the manager, Mr. Grau, being much alarmed. But Melba managed to keep on her wheel, and got back from her ride in safety. Calvé followed Melba's example next day; and although the fair vocalist is somewhat more bulky in figure than the Australian prima donna, no misfortune befell her. The possibility of seeing Sir Augustus Harris's entire stock of operatic artists on the wheel in Hyde Park next season will be a new excitement for opera-goers. This lady-cycling craze is however likely to have serious results in certain directions. Piano manufacturers and dealers are already said to have complained of the bad effect of the mania on their business; while it is alleged that, after bicycling for any length of time, many ladies find their wrists ache so much as to render piano-playing well-nigh impossible. If that be so, then I fervently hope that every woman in the country will now forthwith take to the wheel.

It now appears that accounts of Madame Schumann's health have been considerably exaggerated, and it is hoped that the effects of her recent apoplectic attack will pass away without leaving any ill consequences. It seems, however, that the great pianist suffers from a weak heart, and at her advanced age—she is now seventy-seven—she has been advised to leave her duties as a teacher, as far as possible, to her daughter. Madame Schumann is now well enough to get about her house in Frankfort.

* * *

I HAVE just ordered a copy of Mr. Kuhe's newly published musical memoirs, and hope to give some account of the book in next month's issue. Meanwhile, my hopes are somewhat dashed by finding the following "funny story" quoted from the work in my evening newspaper:

Costa, who was the soul of punctuality, was compelled, on one occasion, to wait half an hour for his second oboe player. A quarter of an hour later still, when the orchestra was at work, the absentee appeared, "breathless, panting, and sheepish." His explanation was that "a domestic event had just occurred in his home, and that he did not like to leave until he was assured that everything had passed off satisfactorily." There was some laughing and chaffing, but Sir Michael did not join in the merriment. However, on hearing the explanation, his features relaxed somewhat, and, turning to the late oboe-player, he said:—"That is a different thing. You may take your place, but, mind, don't let it occur again."

That is a "chestnut" of the most hoary type. I have heard it a score of times and in connection with as many individuals. I really hope Mr. Kuhe has some better things to set before us.

❖ Musical Life in London. ❖

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THE MOTTI CONCERTS.

I MUST confess to a feeling of disappointment at the last two concerts. Mottl does not shine as a conductor of Beethoven, and during the performance of the Pastoral Symphony on April 28, I was conscious on more than one occasion that his rendering fell short of Manns', Richter's, or the late Sir Charles Hallé's conception of this work. It is twenty years since I first heard Hallé conduct the symphony at one of his Liverpool concerts, but the memory of that evening, when he opened out the beauties of the pastoral, is still a delight to me. Under Mottl, the exquisite movements lacked some of the atmosphere and fragrance we never miss under Richter or Manns. Mottl was, however, entirely successful in the Wagner portion of the programme; his inspiring beat led on his orchestra to wonderful renderings of the overture to *Tannhäuser*, with the latter version of the Veemsberg music, and the preludes to *Parsifal* and *Die Meistersinger*, three introductions which exhibit the remarkable versatility of Wagner's genius and his happy employment of various structural types. D'Albert played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto at this concert, but I have heard it more sympathetically rendered; and though the slow movement was played with the purest artistic taste, the performance could hardly be called memorable.

Only a brief reference is necessary to the second concert, which was a Nibelungen night. Here is the programme:

From *Das Rheingold*.

- A. Introduction and scene I. (Alberich and the Rhine Daughters.)
- B. Closing Scene. ("Gewitterzauber"—Lament of the Rhine Daughters; Procession of the Gods into Walhalla.)

Frau Mottl, Fr. Gelber, Madame Agnes Janson, Herr Gerhäuser, Herr Nebe.

From *Die Walküre*.

THE WHOLE OF ACT I.

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|
| <i>Sieglinde</i> | Frau Mottl. | } (Ensemble from Karlsruhe.) |
| <i>Sigmund</i> | Herr Gerhäuser. | |
| <i>Hunding</i> | Herr Nebe. | |

The act from *Die Walküre*, in spite of its many beauties, is really too long for the concert-room. It was splendidly played, especially the passage of the gods into Walhalla, which has never been given in London with more force or brilliancy. It is questionable, however, whether the production on the con-

cert platform of whole scenes written and designed for the operatic stage is desirable; and even enthusiastic Wagnerites must find a concert arrangement of the first and concluding sections of *Das Rheingold* a trifle wearisome.

RICHTER'S REAPPEARANCE.

It is a satisfaction to have Richter with us again, although his stay is but short owing to his Bayreuth engagements. There is a breadth and masterliness of style in Richter's conducting which has endeared him to his audiences, and the reception given him was most enthusiastic. The programme is usually made up of Wagner and Beethoven, but on this occasion Richter broke fresh ground. The *Parsifal* prelude and the overture to the *Meistersinger* are old friends; on the other hand the prelude and entr'acte from Goldmark's *Cricket on the Hearth* are new, it being less than two months since this opera was produced in Vienna. Tschaikowsky's fifth Symphony in E minor, introduced by Nikisch last summer, was splendidly given and concluded the programme. Space does not allow me to dwell on this concert, but I will notice the remaining two at length next month.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The rumours, circulated from time to time that the celebrated Crystal Palace concerts would be abandoned are proved to be unfounded, Mr. Manns having at his benefit concert on April 25 announced that these concerts would be resumed as usual in October. I welcome this statement as the best of good news. The programme was lengthy, and included Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture, Chopin's Piano Concerto in E, two movements from which were played by M. Sapellnikoff, Dvorák's brilliant "New World" symphony, and Richard Strauss's ingenious "Till Eulenspiegel." The day's novelty, the choral ballad "John Gilpin," by Mr. S. P. Waddington, was sung by the choir. The work was well received, but the rendering gave evidence of a want of rehearsal. Miss Ella Russell, Miss Ada Crossley and Mr. Andrew Black were the vocalists of the afternoon, and Lady Hallé played with all her accustomed skill the Fantasia Appassionata for violin by Vieuxtemps. The audience was highly enthusiastic, and the concert was pleasantly delayed by the prolonged applause which

greeted Mr. Manns on his entrance into the orchestra, and subsequently when a couple of huge floral tributes from the members of the choir were handed to him, in acknowledging which Mr. Manns made the announcement that the concerts would be resumed in October.

THE PATTI CONCERT.

Patti's reputation is still sufficient to fill the Albert Hall, which presented an animated appearance on Tuesday, May 12. One Patti concert is very like another, the prima donna gives three songs and three encores, and other leading artists some miscellaneous items. On this occasion, after a splendid delivery of "Una voce poco fa" the audience, as usual, insisted upon hearing more, and Mozart's "Voi che sapete" was exquisitely sung as an encore. Schubert's beautiful setting of the "Ave Maria," Patti followed by Tosti's Serenata, and later, after Signor Arditi's popular vocal waltz, "Il Bacio," she gave the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home." The audience tried to get a seventh song, but Patti appeared on the platform in hat and cloak as a significant hint that her part in the programme was finished. The other vocalists included Miss Ada Crossley and Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose respective singing of Giordani's aria, "Caro mio ben" (Weber's opera *Euryanthe*), were artistic features of the concert. Mr. Jacques Jacob's performance of *Faust* was excellent, and Mr. Lemmoné's and Miss Hirschfield's flute and pianoforte playing gave agreeable variety. Madame Patti returns to London for another concert on June 4.

SETHE.

MDLLE. IRMA SETHE, the gifted pupil of Ysaye, no doubt partly owes the rapidity of her success to her striking personality, which, added to her very great artistic abilities, have, during the past five months, already won for her a distinguished position among lady violinists. At her first concert of the season the young artiste had the support of a capable orchestra directed by Mr. Gustav Ernest. Throughout the evening her playing did not at any time fall below the level of excellence maintained at her earlier concerts, beauty of tone, admirable phrasing and breadth of style being marked characteristics. Her two chief contributions were Max Bruch's "Fantaisie Ecossaise" and Corelli's charming "La Folia," which latter was interpreted with quiet dignity and remarkable neatness. But she was still more successful in a transcription of one of Chopin's Overtures and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," the latter being played with exceeding spirit and vivacity by the fair violinist. The orchestra gave fairly satisfactory performances of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and the overtures to *Egmont* and *The Flying Dutchman*. Mr. Fisher Sobel contributed Wagner's "Träume" and the Liebeslied from *Die Walküre*.

SAUER.

Sauer has returned to London, and judging from audience experiences a more rational degree of admiration on the part of the public than he lately enjoyed. His first recital was given on May 9, at St. James's Hall. There was nothing

particularly new in the programme, but he gave a fine reading of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 109. The first and last movements indeed require a greater depth of emotional expression than Sauer has yet shown, but his shortcomings in this respect were well atoned for by his beautiful touch and finished and accurate execution of the ornamental passages. Perhaps the most meritorious of his efforts was his delivery of Chopin's Nocturne in G, which was rendered with delightful refinement, beauty and grace. Sauer introduced a group of four pieces of his own composition, one of which, "Propos de Bal," is pretty though rather long. I also listened with pleasure to his variations by Brahms on a theme of Handel, which he played in a straightforward style and with genuine artistic feeling, although pianoforte recitals as a rule are somewhat wearisome, I experienced much enjoyment at this.

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The last concert it will be possible for me to notice this month was that of Herr Willy Burmester, the so-called "modern Paganini," a Paganini, however, without a suggestion of the weird and demoniac personality of the original. The outward seeming but—Nothing could well be more astonishing than Herr Burmester's guitarre, flageolet, pizzicato, and other virtuoso effects as displayed in the Paganini variations, on the air "Nel cor più non mi sento," and as arranged by himself from the original, written, I fancy, with an accompaniment for violin and violoncello. The double harmonies, the passages in double stopping, etc., are not likely to be equalled by any other virtuoso in this generation; but, with all his immense technique, Herr Burmester excites our wonder rather than draws our sympathies. His tone is rather *fibrous*, and not over sympathetic, besides which I consider it a capital mistake to present such works as Spohr's E minor concerto, etc., with a mere piano arrangement of the orchestral parts. We may, it is true, by this means, judge of the solo part alone with even more readiness than in the original version, because it stands less obscured; but the composition suffers, that the solo player may gain. The programme further included Bach's Sonata in E—which was unfortunately abbreviated by the snapping of a string during the playing of the most popular movement—The Gavotte—and Saint-Saëns "Rondo Capriccioso," the most interesting number of the afternoon.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, who discreetly played the piano accompaniments, does not call for any lengthy remarks. He is of the scholastic type, and not given to emotional outbursts. He performed three pieces by Scarlatti—Tausig version—in the first of which he introduced some sentimental and rather irritating *ritardandos*, an "Etude" and "Impromptu" from his own pen, the former on a sapless subject, and seemingly laid out for a piano-organ, the latter more pleasing; and a fluently played arrangement by himself of Wagner's "Walkürenritt." Liszt's 14th Rhapsody, his last solo, was technically perfect, but cold; and I may remark *en passant* that every pianist, great or small, seems to imagine he is at perfect liberty to add to or omit whatever he pleases from Liszt's works, a proceeding which effectually exposes the littleness of their reasons for playing his compositions at all. Technical display.

→* The Impressionist. *←

TO me D'Albert, first and foremost—indeed altogether—has been *the* sensation of the month. The feelings that drew me to his first recital were many and complex; and, as I considered myself fully acquainted with his powers as an artist, curiosity as to his reception after his early follies was perhaps the dominating factor. The curiosity was easily and satisfactorily satisfied; his reception was that of the prodigal son, but I am bound to truthfully confess that I never before really appreciated D'Albert's undoubted greatness. Never before have I heard him play with anything approaching the overwhelming earnestness and passion displayed in his first and second recitals in St. James's Hall, and I do not hesitate to suggest that no such piano-playing, excepting from Paderewski, has been heard in this country since Rubinstein's visit, exactly ten years ago.

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He (D'Albert) cannot, of course, be in any way compared to Paderewski, not because he is inferior to the Polish artist, but because their styles are so utterly dissimilar as to offer almost no points for comparison. Paderewski's playing bathed in eternal sunshine, with only passing summer storms—furious, but brief; D'Albert's rugged, grim, and at times almost terrible in his earnestness. Paderewski's playing steeped in translucent colours and breathings of spring, almost appearing to be smilingly contemplating its own delicate beauties; D'Albert's the deeper tones, the grey skies, the purples, browns, and dull reds of autumn.

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D'Albert is far nearer to Rubinstein than any other pianist. As with Rubinstein, one thing almost immediately impresses one, and that is the absence of what Tausig called *spectacle*, and of which Pachmann is such a past-master. Rubinstein and D'Albert both with a prodigious command of their instrument, and yet in both cases their artistic earnestness so immediately obvious that one never for one moment expects the neat laying out of dainty technical passages as such, but rather loses sight of the technical means in thinking of the artistic purposes and convictions of the player. Rubinstein differed, however, in this one respect that he had an extraordinary feeling for and perception of the sensuous beauties of a perfectly pure and rich tone, and that is where D'Albert is deficient in comparison, his tone in general being somewhat harsh, and so level (without the countless shadings of Paderewski) as to become somewhat monotonous.

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Now for some detailed remarks on his playing of the two programmes submitted on the 1st and 12th, though I can scarcely hope that such remarks will be so interesting as if I had adopted the stupid and vulgar tone of a contemporary print, and asked why he didn't have his hair cut, or *buy a comb*! A comparison of the playing at the first and second recitals forcibly recalled to me the old adage, "There is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." At the first recital that step was often most emphatically taken. Parts of the Schumann Fantasia op. 17 of the Strauss-Tausig Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal," and the Don Juan Fantasia were so turbulent and "rumbustious" that one could not doubt that the pianist had completely lost control over himself. Parts of the Don Juan

Fantasia, indeed, I could not even recognise, well as I thought I knew the work, while in the concluding pages of the second movement of the Schumann the pianist's struggles were really very laughable. Ample amends were made, however, in an almost perfect performance of Chopin's rarely heard 3rd Nocturne. The embroideries were perfect, and a most beautiful effect (interpolated) was produced by a diminuendo on a single reiterated note, A sharp. The *agitato* part was played in a gloomy, almost *threatening* manner—an altogether different conception to any I have heretofore heard. The much-belauded and be-clapped version of that Chopin war-horse, the A♭ polonaise, I could not honestly admire. It seemed to me that the artist had played it so long without the music, that he had, more or less, forgotten it as it is on paper. Nothing was made, for instance, of the passage with the constantly recurring accented C, which de Pachmann gives in a never-to-be-forgotten manner, while of actual defects a momentary confusion of memory during the repetition of the famous octave passage in the trio may be noted.

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Of the remaining items a merely ordinary performance of Schubert's Impromptu in G (not the one in B, as advertised), and which, by the way, I would suggest should be played in G♭—which was the key, if am not mistaken, it was originally written in, being altered to G by the publisher to make it easier; and the finest conception and rendering of Liszt's passionate Liebestraum No. 3 I have ever heard, a reading only marred by the pianist's own additions to the text. For an encore Liszt's Valse Impromptu.

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At the second recital a stormy and organ-like reading of D'Albert's own transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D, the Waldstein sonata, the first movement of which bored me considerably, for which amends were made by the playing of the wonderful "Introduction," which was performed in a manner no living pianist could even faintly approach, while parts of the Rondo were scarcely less well given. This was followed by an ordinary performance of Mozart's Rondo in A minor, which in turn was succeeded by a wonderfully fine rendering of Brahms' magnificent Rhapsody in G minor, op. 79. Of the Chopin numbers the lovely B major Nocturne was not in any way remarkable, but the valse in A♭, op. 42, was probably the most genial, as it was certainly the most polished performance of the afternoon. The great B minor sonata, the first movement of which is an enchanted garden of varied lovelinesses, became almost a wilderness, with just a stray flower here and there, while each and all of the three other movements I have heard played better. The three concluding Liszt numbers, including the "Venice e Napoli" Tarantelle, were brilliant, but not otherwise remarkable.

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A very considerable amount of amusement was created at the second Recital by the enterprising boldness of a small feathered songster who seemed to regard Mozart's A minor Rondo as a distinct challenge to show his own prowess. D'Albert, who has little of the *poscur*, did not seem highly gratified at the incident; but that out and out comedian—I had

almost written "comédienne"—De Pachmann, would probably have stopped short were it in a Beethoven Sonata, or what not, and favoured the audience with Schumann's *Prophet Bird* or Henselt's *Si oiseau j'étais, à toi je volerais*.

You remember that the story runs that once when playing the latter piece instead of playing the final chord he gently clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Ah! Ze birt ees has fleet away." He seems to have recently added another to his already lengthy catalogue of public eccentricities. This time it was in Berlin when he got "lost" in Schumann's *Carnival*. He tried three times to resume, but finding his memory still played him false, he suddenly jumped to his feet and shouted, "Never mind, never mind; bravo, Pachmann, you played lovely, anyhow!"

One of the most amusing of all the stories, and one which frankly exposes the little man's out and out vanity; is when, after playing Chopin's study in sixths and being much applauded, he came to the front of the platform and naively exclaimed, "*I can play it faster.*" And play it faster he did.

I was attracted to Miss Clotilde Kleeberg's evening concert partly by the Rubinstein violin and piano Sonata in A minor; it had a very good performance with Herr Johannes Wolff's assistance. The work itself does not compare with the earlier one in D; its lines are longer and less distinct, the piano part is not easy, as I know from experience, but it was fairly surmounted by the charming French artiste. Speaking of the Sonata recalls that Rubinstein has done a very curious thing in the last of the series he has written for piano and violin. The opening bar of this is the corresponding bar of the first in D, and the second bar in the same way quotes the second Sonata, and the process is immediately repeated with a corresponding quotation from the third; then, and then only does the Sonata itself commence. What Rubinstein's idea in thus providing a "thematic catalogue" of the three preceding Sonatas could have been I do not understand; but that there was a reason for it, I do not doubt, as I cannot imagine such a clever artist otherwise doing such a *seemingly* brainless thing.

For Miss Kleeberg's solo performances no less than eight composers were drawn upon, the best being some of Schumann's *Phantasies*, op. 12, and Rubinstein's *Scherzo*, op. 44. Some of the Schumann numbers, however, were not of the highest standard of excellence. The popular little *Traums wirren*, for example, in which the weakness of the fourth and fifth fingers was not conducive to distinctness. Personally, I could well have spared the canary-bird twitterings of the modern—and as here exemplified, brainless—French school. The Saint Saëns-Paladihle Paraphrase sent half the audience away humming Waldteufel's "Estudiantina" Waltzes. Of the songs by Miss Ada Crossley and Mdlle. Jeanne Gréta Tschakowski's beautiful "To the Forest" gave me the greatest pleasure.

I place on record the first performance that I can recollect of Liszt's wonderful B minor sonata by any pianist not a pupil of the "Meister" himself. Sapelnikoff gave it at his third recital. It is dedicated to Robert Schumann whom Liszt was one of the first to "discover." I think it is Janka Wohl who relates that Liszt himself played it to a circle of friends shortly

before his death, and that he was so overcome after its performance as to cause serious anxiety. That performance was probably the beginning of the end.

Do any of my readers know what is legitimate music? It is an expression often used by a certain kind of critic, but I have never seen or heard it in any way defined. I am beginning to think it is a meaningless phrase that sounds big but means little. It reminds me in its silly fatuousness of an expression I heard from the editor of a Musical Weekly—it should be weekly, I see; but let it stand. We were discussing Liszt's rhapsodies when he remarked, "Yes! but there are so many things in them that are unnecessary." I thought then, as I do now, what a *seemingly* clever remark, and yet when you examine it, how vague and empty. Hence, I would, be really pleased to meet a clear definition of what is necessary in music and also what is *Legitimate* (big L. by all means) music.

Perhaps some of the *ff*-form and fifths—critics could enlighten me.

Amidst all this discussion about pitch, normal, high, concert, philharmonic, and goodness only knows how many more *species*, let me not forget the genius who (he was a reputable pianist) gave Beethoven's "Moonlight" in C minor instead of C# minor so as to be nearer the composer's intentions; seemingly he forgot the little matter of key characteristics. This appears about as reasonable as if we had two actors for the part, say, of David Garrick, one who was a trifle too tall could play the part better than one who was the exact required height. Should we then hand the part to the latter because he more nearly resembled the original?

Who, I wonder, is responsible for the selection of Beethoven's Concerto in G set down for D'Albert? Surely we hear enough of these things from every pianist who invades our shores. It is not often an artist comes along who *can* play the Brahms two concertos, especially the second, and has toured with them giving them under the composer's own direction; nor do we often hear Liszt's in A in comparison with the first; or again the "Todtentanz" is heard only once now and again at long stretches of time, though it is one of the most powerfully written things in concerto literature. It is not "legitimate" music forsooth!

Would it be greatly daring to suggest an entire Brahms evening to the Philharmonic—D'Albert in the two concertos, the Haydn-Brahms variations, an overture, and a few songs? It has been done with overwhelming success on the Continent, why not here? Some of Brahms' staunchest admirers are to be found amongst us. Daring as the notion would be to the timid Philharmonic, I think it would be a success.

I dropped in at Herr Masbach's concert with orchestra at St. James's Hall. The pianist gave the Chopin E minor Concerto (Tausig version) in which, as I was seated so that only the pianist's back was visible and a very expressive back it was too, I can only say he was very maidenly, excepting when he employed the whole of his not small personality to play a fortissimo. His solo pieces included a weak piece by Rubinstein and a shockingly antiquated and antediluvian valse by Taubert; it was as commonplace as it was vulgar and the play-

ing was only worthy of the composition. Mr. Masbach made amends in St. Saën's brimstone perfumed concerto in G minor. The work is capital in its way and smacks of the devil; not the real devil you understand, as in spite of all the vulgar antipathies against him, he was possessed in some respects of a fine character; even his ambition had greatness in it. No, but of the theatrical devil, the gentleman in scarlet with sham horns and a tufted tail, terrifying to children but—like the Saint-Saëns—no longer deceiving any one else. Here Herr Masbach's playing was really capital, and the orchestra played better than it had done in the previous work.

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Mr. Cowen, who conducted as discreetly as usual, introduced four English dances of his own composition—first time of performance—the first Stately Dance was the most interesting, as it was also the best and most cleanly performed. The concert opened with a fair performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture and closed with that of *Euryanthe*.

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To pair with this concert was that of a violinist, Signor

Simonetti on the following evening, Mr. Cowen also conducting. Somebody has recently drawn attention to the scarcity of great Italian violin virtuosos at the present time in contrast to the past. While Signor Simonetti can scarcely be called a great violinist he is certainly a very fine and interesting player possessing a remarkably silky tone, which, on the G string especially, is of considerable power. The Brahms Concerto written for Joachim, while receiving an earnest reading, did not appear so grateful to the violinist as the Mendelssohn Concerto, which was very finely given. Tschaikowsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique" served to display the violinist's G string and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes" his virtuosity. Mr. Cowen conducted performances of the overtures to Mehul's *Le Jeune Henri* and Beethoven's *Prometheus*, also an acceptable performance of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*.

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D'ALBERT has become so thoroughly Teutonized that his manager addresses him in the German tongue; but then it is the language of "the unique, true, glorious, German art."

Our Round Table.

—:o:—

ARE LADIES SUCCESSFUL AS ORCHESTRAL PLAYERS?

MISS ROSALIND F. ELLICOTT, MR. F. H. COWEN, REV. E. H. MOBERLY, MR. A. RANDEGGER, DR. C. SWINNERTON HEAP, MR. J. S. LIDDLE, AND MR. DAN GODFREY, JUNR.

Miss Ellicott sees no reason why Ladies may not be Successful. I don't quite understand whether your article is to deal with the question of professional or amateur ladies' orchestras. I have never heard of a professional one; but I think there is no reason why women should not be as successful orchestral players as men (on stringed instruments), if they aim at an equally high standard of art. I don't think wood wind, or brass instruments at all suitable for women-players. As to amateur orchestras, they are very nice in their way, but are, of course, on quite a different plane.

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Mr. Cowen holds a similar Opinion. In reply to your question, I have had little or no experience in the matter. I think, however, that the various ladies' orchestras which do exist, prove that ladies are quite capable of excelling as orchestral players, and I see no reason why they should not be as successful as the other sex, with the same amount of training. They ought certainly to succeed well in everything requiring refined playing, although they might perhaps be lacking somewhat in fire and force.

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Mr. Moberly is in Favour of Ladies' String Orchestras. In answer to the question, "Are ladies successful as orchestral players?" I should answer unhesitatingly, Yes. After many years' experience in conducting string orchestras, both large and small, composed of ladies only, and of mixed orchestras, my opinion is that in many important points women do better than men. They are easier to teach, being less independent, more attentive, and more docile. They are more pliable, more quickly and certainly accepting the suggestions, and carrying out the wishes of the conductor.

The fact that women are more emotional than men is all in their favour as orchestral players. In this direction excess is rather a good thing than otherwise. They can scarcely respond too quickly or eagerly to the varying moods of the music, if they are at the same time loyally obedient to the conductor.

As far as my experience goes, women catch sooner the feeling of the music, and by quickness of sympathy more readily understand what the conductor wants, than men do. When their interest is once awakened, they are far more "keen"; there is no outer shell of indifference or reserve to be worn through before they play from the heart. I am not speaking so much of depth of feeling, or force. There, I have no doubt, men must take the first place. I am speaking of the rapidity with which their emotions can be stirred, and of their musical sensibility, which is more easily reached and utilised than in the case of men. As an instrument, an orchestra of ladies is easier to play upon than one of men, or a mixed one. Given equally good players, women will have a work ready for performance, down to the last nuance, more quickly than men, and will be less likely to forget any point. They are more alive to the least gesture on the part of the conductor. I have before now introduced an important modification of tone and time in a short passage at a concert in St. James's Hall, which never occurred to me till we were before the public, and this watchful band of 100 ladies simultaneously responded to it as if they had rehearsed it every day for a week. They were mostly amateurs, remember, and by no means accustomed to my bâton. I doubt if any but the most experienced professional male orchestra would have done this with such perfection.

It is obvious that in delicacy and refinement women-players can beat men. Certainly this is my experience. As in everything, so in this, their delicacy and tenderness are unapproachable. They are essentially feminine qualities, and most important for a performance where perfect finish is required. In power and depth of tone, and force in general, of course men can beat them, supposing the skill of the players, and the quality of the fiddles be the same. But the difference is not nearly so great as some would suppose. A large orchestra of good lady-players, with good instruments, will play their *forte* passages with a strength of tone and a force and *verve* which is astonishing till one is used to it. One secret of it is that they hardly ever spare themselves. When called upon for their uttermost, in spirit, fire, and force, they give it. It is rare to see a lady in the orchestra going languidly through a spirited passage at a concert. Men are somewhat different in this respect, and do not so easily or often "let themselves go."

It must not be forgotten that women tire more quickly than men. The amount of work must be adapted to them. Very long rehearsals exhaust the majority of them, so that no more real good work can be got out of them musically that day. The long rehearsals, lasting many hours, which male orchestras have sometimes to go through, would make a lady of little use for the best kind of work by the evening concert. Two hours is the very outside that a lady can ordinarily play with effect; even before that time I have often noticed good players working languidly from sheer fatigue. An orchestra of ladies needs careful watching in this respect. This, so far as it goes, must be admitted to be a drawback, and has to be reckoned with.

As players of stringed instruments in the orchestra I have no doubt whatever that ladies are entirely successful, and most valuable; in some points reaching a pitch of perfection unattainable by men, and in others running them very close.

It is a pity that more use is not made of that most lovely and expressive musical instrument, a string orchestra of ladies, without wind or percussion instruments.

Mr. Randegger says the Ladies do their Work Admirably. To your question concerning ladies as orchestral players, I may say that ladies play in the orchestras of all our great music schools, where

they do their work admirably—I am only alluding to stringed instruments, not to wind instruments. I do not think ladies generally would be physically strong enough to play wind instruments in an orchestra.

Dr. Swinnerton Heap considers that Ladies should have more Frequent Opportunities of Playing in Orchestras. I regret to say that my experience of lady instrumentalists as orchestral players is only of a very limited character, and therefore I am afraid that my views on the subject will not be of much value.

There can be but one opinion as to the aptitude of women to equal men as executive musicians; and since there is in their nature far more natural refinement and artistic sensibility, I cannot but feel sure that the inclusion of ladies in our orchestras would be highly advantageous.

The only weak point I have discovered is that in vigorous passages one does not get enough tone; but of course all ladies are not alike in this respect.

At the present it appears to me that the one thing needful is for ladies to have more frequent opportunities of playing in the orchestra; they would then certainly make themselves very valuable, and quite as efficient as men. It is a question of experience only.

Mr. Liddle tells his Experience with the English Ladies' Orchestral Society. I wish very much I could get a moment to collect my ideas on the question, but must content myself with saying that without knowing if my experience has been peculiarly happy or not it has been very ample, and that judging by it I don't consider ladies inferior to men in any respect as orchestral players. In the English Ladies' Orchestral Society we have a complete orchestra, and even in the wind department the members can certainly hold their own against male players.

Mr. Godfrey Speaks Plainly. I cannot give an opinion respecting ladies, as I have had no experience with them as orchestral players. I should not consider their introduction advisable as professionals in a male orchestra.

[I beg to acknowledge the kind and valuable co-operation of the writers whose names are given above—Ed.]



Sarate.



BY M. L. VAN VORST.

—:o:—

SWEET Music, lend thyself unto my dream,
Low, melting tones and faint, shrill cries,
Now thrilling as the voice of love,
Now weak as some small wave that breaks and dies
There at our feet. . . .
My very soul seems to take wing and rise,
As, stirred by all these subtle harmonies,
First I am fain to laugh with happiness,
And then most tender tears spring to my eyes,
Strange, long quiet feelings stir and move.
Half-faint with the warm flood of memories
Of dear days drifted on so far I thought
They never could come singing back to bless
My barren Now: I lie upon the stream

Of sweet delight, as on some summer day
We hear the splash against the shallop's side,
And see the sunlight in the lilies caught,
And green banks slipping by us, the slow tide
Carrying us on.

With rise and fall of these rare cadences
That seems no human hand or thing of wood
Could call to utterance, the Past, like a flood,
Comes surging back my Now to bless.
I hear the gentle splashing of the stream
And singing words of love my silence greet;
I hear the thin, fine music in a dream
Of memories strange and sweet.

—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



Miss Nellie Ganthony.



MISS NELLIE GANTHONY, with whose portrait we present our readers, has returned from her adventurous tour in South Africa, where she scored distinguished successes in all the big colonial towns with her incomparable vocal and dramatic sketches. Her career up to now has been a brilliant and varied one; but there are hints and promises that it is only the prelude to more enduring triumphs, for it is rumoured that the gifted entertainer, now in the prime of life and in the ripeness of her power, intends to return to the stage, which she may be said only to have nibbled at in the beginning of her career. It will be remembered that Nellie Ganthony scored her first triumphs in the *Sultan of Mocha* and *Dorothy*. After completing her studies under Signor Randegger at the Royal Academy, Miss Ganthony then discovered that she possessed literary talent, and began writing sketches and dramatic monologues. She soon found herself in general demand as a private entertainer, and after a mixed career, in which she has wandered far through America, North and South, and Africa and Canada, she has recently returned to London, and has been giving a suite of mixed vocal and dramatic variety entertainments at the St. James's Hall. Her sketch, not burlesque, but rather supplementary of *Trilby*, exhibited her varied dramatic powers, and was, indeed, full of subtle emotional analysis; and it is now rumoured that, yielding to the advice of several leading managers, this gifted artiste intends to devote herself chiefly to the stage, although we trust that she will still, in her spare moments, indulge the public with those charming dramatic sketches and monologues which have made her reputation as a spirited entertainer. Miss Ganthony possesses a charming stage presence, considerable personal attractions, and a voice of extensive compass, sweetness, and sensibility.



Art.

New English Art Club. If difficulties lie in the way of a general diffusion of art-culture, there is some compensation for that in the picture of persistence in well-doing apparent year by year at the modest show made by the New English Art Club. It really would seem as if this feeble folk—feeble be it observed only in numbers—were eventually to set their mark worthily on their century as it ends. It is obvious to any candid eye, on looking at the *tout ensemble* of any of our summer exhibitions, that a prompt estimate of the characteristic power of each of them grows more easy every year. The assimilation of pictures to each other tends more and more to completeness in some shows. The divergence of aim on the other hand, between old-fashioned and new-fashioned painters is equally patent, as when we compare the New English to, say, the New Gallery, which is filled by a selection that might have done duty in 1890 or any later year up till now. Only, whereas in some of those years there have been a few pictures that could by no means be felt as anything but exceptions, now the whole mass is leavened with one leaven. I do not say whether it is specially good or specially bad, I only remark that every picture is nearly related to its neighbours, and has an immense family relationship beyond the

walls as well. Indeed you need not go to most of the larger exhibitions more than once in four years or so, unless you happen to be interested in some pupil whose power to take on the colours of his contemporaries may be taken account of in a miscellaneous collection. This echo-like character is absent from the Dudley. The pictures, though smallish, each strike a note for themselves, and they are not elaborately isolated from the great works that have been done in the past. Of the century or so of pictures filling the walls sufficiently, every one deserves attention, either for its achievement, or its attempt. Even where the effort after ease of handling has caused the aspirant to "come a cropper," "not to put too fine a point upon it," we feel that he has not "perished," but merely failed "in a great attempt!" And it may be noted that the kind of failure here and there visible is not of a kind that precludes a certain artistic satisfaction. For instance, though one may disapprove of the prismy look of Mark Fisher's "Pond and Willows," in so far as it takes on a painty look through the prismatic effect being too obviously artificial; yet the evident search for expression of something seen, or thought, forbids censure, even of the lightest. And so, though Mr. Brabazon's drawings rank with those sketches where effort and accident

make between them the merest symbolism of natural effect, yet no disrespect can be felt for such work, following, as it has done, a vanishing effect at top speed, hampered from its proper issue by all the vagaries of paper and paint, wrought on by atmospheric conditions! Or again, we can scan kindly enough the unheroic impression of George Bernard Shaw by Mr. Rothenstein, because he has got enough of his subject's character to show he really would have liked to get it all. He should try again, and bethink him whether his eyes have not been prejudiced by the photographs of Shaw, which do him and the spectator scant justice. It seemed to me that chalk is too apt to suggest pastiness, to be anything but dangerous in doing such a subject. Water-colour would more readily give the textures and hues of that well-known visage. A little more accuracy in discerning the lines of felt hat in relation to brow and back of head—invisible as well as visible contours—would be no more than justice demands for the hat as well as the head. Shaw exhibits himself at his best when you see him against London sky on a Hyde Park platform, in profile especially. The summer is young: he may be seen thus, perhaps, ere the year wanes! The very first number here denotes a drawing with thought and feeling in it, by Miss Godlee. Its simplicity and unity of effect recall the "sleep that is among the lonely hills." The blue and orange "Midday" by Baldry is successful in its warm and happy light. Mr. Cadby's frame of sketches, which seem to have had their sketchiness arranged for, like Sheridan's impromptus, are very pleasant to look at. The black frame with fowls enclosed, by Mr. Livens, is good for decorative purposes. Holloway's "Cheyne Walk" is a beautiful impression, reminding one of the place, the effect, and of one whose poetic renderings of the same locality used to give a dreamy beauty to various corners in this room some years ago—Paul Maitland. Buxton-Knight's "Bohemia" is a fine motive. The clouds of enormous sweep disappear beyond the earth's verge with an air of grandeur. Their shadows wander below on the wide landscape. "A Windy Day" by Miss Draper, is cool, lonely, pure, and beautiful. There is no space left for notice of such pictures as deserve it, and almost all deserve it. But none can see Steer's "Richmond" and "Easeby" without wishing to express pleasure at seeing such originality and beauty, especially when it is felt that these keen, brilliant impressions have a distinct relation to the greater landscapists who founded our English way of transcribing natural effects. A suspicion of grey added to the rich citron green of the tree in "Richmond" would perhaps remove a sense of excessive colour given by it as it stands.

The R.A. Exhibition. Having had something to feed thought in the above small collections, I had almost forgotten the Academy. As it still takes an enormous number of shillings for entrance and catalogue, of course on every city principle it ought to be held in high esteem still. As usual, there are numbers of paintings executed on principles well taught, and well learned (according to recent standards) by people who, most of them, would have learned any other trade as aptly, and who would never have violated the rule once prevalent in the army and navy—never to think, but simply do as one was told. The dead level (pretty high) of skill in this large exhibition is so monotonous that the bad pictures (and there are some bad ones) are like voices dispelling nightmare, and we sigh at them not altogether disapprovingly. The fact is that there is often in pictures, bad technically, a gleam of

fancy or even imagination which reconciles us to the uncouth utterance; and the spiritless excellence of art that is produced by rote finds its antidote in dashed badness, as well as deuced goodness! I went expecting to find Sir John Millais' "Forerunner" rather cheap and perfunctory in design and execution, and I found more pleasure in it than I deserved. It is a fine, solemnly artistic conception, almost ranking with the "Enemy Sowing Tares," and that is as much as may be justly said of any picture that will be done in these times.

Near this poem of Millais' hangs a "Scarecrow," by Mr. Clausen, A. Opposite is the face, dress, and background of an old Radical, or I should say, perhaps, "the new diplomacy," who may be identified by the orchid at his button-hole. Albert Goodwin has an attempt (130) at giving scenic illustration to one of Bunyan's less heavy allegories. It is a picture that even a thoughtful and healthy-hearted person might live unwearied with. (410)—a picture of a passing storm—makes one believe Mr. Arthur Rouse knows a storm when he sees it. The tender and interesting interpretation of a lovely phase of our own country scenery, in J. W. North's "Late Summer," has a stronger knowledge and touch than usual with him. Robert Fowler's "Coming of Apollo" is not unworthy of the great old sincerity of the demigods of literature in Greece. A lady—Edith Corbet—has been allowed to exhibit a picture of the "Alban Hills"—a "classical" picture in the true sense, because its scheme has been imagined from first-hand materials, just as the Poussins, or Dominichino, would have done. The same original power marks "Yew Trees, Box-hill," by Heath Wilson. Mr. Duncan Gosnell's gravely felt and well-painted "Returning from the Hop Gardens," attracts one as with a still small voice amid vulgar clamours. Of the same minor key powerfully wrought in, is the "Windswept" of Coutts Michie. Mark Fisher's "Environs of Algiers" has much of English dew and freshness in it. "The Leper's Wife," by G. Harcourt, is remarkable for its luminous rose cloud and crimson robe against it. The right half is really aesthetically the picture. There is a great deal of good and even masterly work in the "Black and White Room." "On the Way to Hades" and "The Rape of Europa" are imaginative and large in conception, and would be well worth more accomplished technique than Mr. Welti has cared to give them. Miss Rosie Pitman's "Undine" is quite beautiful as well as strong. The sense of free movement is well given, the composition felt, like a composer. Beautiful too, and that with a certain severity, is Mr. Oliver Hall's 1543.

The sculpture is well worth study this year. There are no *tours de force*, but much loving design affectionately wrought out. Bertram Mackennal's bust of Miss Marie Tempest is full of keen and delicate character—the best kind of beauty. Mr. Frampton's heroines out of "Mort d'Arthur," are good to see and would be well to live with. Of the ladies used by him as decoration, Vivien does really seem to have the most desirable beauty, and character too. A design for a piano front by Esther M. Moore is beautiful in fancy and execution. Alex. Fisher, Gustav Natorp, Nelson and Edith Dawson, have designs of great beauty, and indeed fancy if not imagination begins to grow English wings, it would seem. Many works besides those mentioned indicate English artistic powers as betaking themselves from mere picture-echoing to nature-echoing. This may in its turn react on painting, and enable it to take on a truer beauty and a more original than it has worn for some time past—in the Academy at least. T. R.



Our University Music Professors.



III. PROFESSOR VILLIERS STANFORD.

CONSIDERING the success of *Shamus O'Brien* one can write with peculiar propriety about Dr. Villiers Stanford at the present moment. It is somewhat unusual for a work of this class to reach its fiftieth evening of performance; but *Shamus* is fortunate in having a picturesque and moving story, and to that, perhaps as much as to the music, he no doubt owes a certain measure of his success. Dr. Stanford, at any rate, must not be grudged his share of the praise. He has certainly written some very graceful and vivacious music, and the example of so serious-minded a musician will perhaps do good in the way of inciting some of our native composers to give us light operas rather than symphonies and concertos which nobody seems to want. For there is a great deal of truth in the remark of a recent musical historian that our English composers are not sufficiently practical. They do not recognise what the conditions around them are—or at any rate they do not try to adapt themselves to these conditions. Not one of them, except in some degree Sullivan, has studied the use of resources and the varying treatment required by varying resources. The influence of the moribund German school has had a very pernicious effect upon some of our best composers: German music since the time of Beethoven has been abstract and unpractical, and these defects are copied here. Consequently all the fertile resources awaiting cultivation are neglected, and our composers persist in lazily using those which have long ago been provided for, and in repeating the old forms.

They even, as Mr. Davey points out, produce orchestral works, though they perfectly well know that there is next to no chance of these works ever being heard. At the same time musicians of a very low class, who address themselves to the problems before them, achieve enormous success; while our leading musicians produce works which nobody wants, and which go almost immediately on the shelf for ever. The great geniuses of the past would have rejoiced with exceeding great joy had they but once enjoyed such opportunities as are open to the present-day musician; but they were practical men, writing for particular performances by particular resources, while a modern composer, both in England and Germany, thinks only of his inner consciousness and his artistic conscientiousness, and has his works published before they have been heard. As Ruskin's and William Morris's views of art extend, they may some day reach our leading composers, and induce them to give their attention to works which are practically useful and actually needed. Meanwhile there is a lesson in *Shamus O'Brien* for Dr. Stanford. As another writer has remarked, he comes rather short in the more pathetic parts of his score, while in the more comic parts he shines with particular excellence. Now, why has he hidden this side of his talent for so long? He has really missed his vocation. He ought no longer to go on composing concertos that are uncalled for, but should concentrate himself on light music. Perhaps—who knows?—he may in time prove a formidable rival to Sullivan himself. In any case, if he will write a few more light operas, we will cheerfully listen to his symphonies and concertos as a kind of recompense for the pleasure he has given us in other branches of the art.

Charles Villiers Stanford, as everybody knows, is an Irishman. He is still in the prime of youthful manhood, having been born in Dublin in September, 1852. His love of music came to him, in part at least, as an inheritance; for his father, John Stanford, who held the post of "Examiner in the Court of Chancery," whatever that may be, was a keen lover of music, and himself attained to considerable distinction as an amateur vocalist. Young Stanford's musical gifts developed early, and he was set to study with Mr. A. O'Leary and the late Sir Robert Stewart. With these instructors he made such progress that when he matriculated as a choral scholar at Queen's College, Cambridge, he was already possessed of no small facility in composition, as is shown by eight songs to words from the "Spanish Gipsy" (opus 1), a pianoforte Suite (opus 2), and a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, all of which were written during the earlier part of his career as an undergraduate. From Queen's he presently migrated to Trinity, where he succeeded Dr. J. L. Hopkins as organist, and where he graduated in classical honours in 1874. After this he was for the next three years allowed considerable leave of absence from his college duties in order that he might continue his musical studies in Germany. At Leipzig, under Reinecke, and at Berlin, under Kiel, he acquired that mastery of musical form and ease of orchestral writing which are seen in all his larger and more mature works. He now began composition in dead earnest, and by 1876 he had made such progress that Tennyson asked him to write the incidental music to his "Queen Mary" for the first performance of the play on April 18.

Having proceeded M.A. in 1877, Dr. Stanford may be said to have completed his studies, and henceforward we find musical works of all kinds proceeding from his pen in rapid succession. A Symphony in B flat was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1879; and in 1881 an opera in three acts, entitled *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, was produced at—Hanover! The unhonoured prophet again. Dr. Stanford has indeed been favoured in the matter of a continental hearing for his works. In 1884 his *Savonarola*, another opera, was performed for the first time at the Stadt-Theatre in Hamburg, when "the reception was most enthusiastic, the composer being called before the curtain several times at the conclusion of each act." Again, in 1888, his Irish Symphony was performed at Berlin with immense success, the usually cold audiences of the German capital cheering like undergraduates.

But we are anticipating. In 1883, Mr. Stanford was made a Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, by the University of Oxford, and later on Cambridge did the same thing for him, along with Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. This, by the way, is surely an absurd system of multiplying honours. If a man is made a Doctor of Music by Oxford, what necessity is there for Cambridge, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's following up with a similar distinction? However, to pass on, Dr. Stanford having got his title, started on a work for the Birmingham Festival of 1885. An oratorio called *The Three Holy Children* was the result. Like most festival works, it has fallen into oblivion.

In the same year, that is to say in 1885, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt resigned the conductorship of the Bach Choir, and

Dr. Stanford presently reigned in his stead. And here it may be convenient to say something about Dr. Stanford as a conductor. We should have already noted the fact that in 1874 he was appointed conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society. At that time the Society consisted exclusively of male vocalists and instrumentalists, members of the University; but Mr. Stanford soon inaugurated a new and more satisfactory order of things. Partly by the introduction of ladies' voices into the chorus and professionals into the orchestra, but far more by his own indefatigable exertions, he has raised the Society to the position it now occupies—a position equalled by few similar bodies in London, and by none in the provinces, if we except the great festival choirs. A writer in the *Musical Herald*, to whom we are much indebted, says: "In regard both to the performers and to the works to be performed his aim has always been high, and his ambition to secure the greatest excellence. Many great masterpieces have become known to English audiences through his laudable efforts, and other works rescued from oblivion." The revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* is only one of many similar instances. Noteworthy among the efforts of the Society was a Bach and Handel concert with the original scoring and orchestral instruments as far as they could possibly be reproduced. The concert was a great success, and proved convincingly that many of the works of these old masters become much more effective when performed according to the composer's intentions. In connection with this Society, too, many of Professor Stanford's own works have been produced; and his faculty of composition has doubtless been stimulated and improved by the constant facilities afforded for its exercise.

In an article on "Some Musical Conductors," contributed by Mr. Joseph Bennett to the *English Illustrated Magazine* in 1892, the following remarks occur:

Charles Villiers Stanford, Cambridge Professor of Music, is less known as a conductor than as a composer, his regular appearances in the last-named character being made only in connection with the Cambridge University Choral Society, and the few concerts given annually by the Bach Choir. Professor Stanford's remarkable productiveness as a creative musician has however allowed him frequent opportunities of showing, at festivals and elsewhere, that he can handle the *bâton* with skill and success. This being the case, and having regard to the fact that he is now only forty years of age, we may assume with some confidence that there is still a career before him as a *chef d'orchestre*. Berlioz used to contend that orchestral performers and conductors should be young men. In some respects he was right, but a conductor's freedom from weight of years cannot atone for lack of experience, with which in time to come no one will be able to accuse the subject of these remarks. Professor Stanford's most conspicuous and consistent work with the *bâton* has been done at the concerts of the Bach Choir, notably in the various performances of Bach's great B Minor Mass. The Cambridge Professor is well qualified for the various tasks devolving upon him as conductor of this choir by an extensive knowledge of almost every form of classical music. In most of them he has won more or less distinction with his pen, and it would be hard to say what task in connection with any would come amiss to him. Concerning Professor Stanford's achievements as a composer much might be written, but in that capacity he is not now before us. It is scarcely rash, however, to assert a belief that his greatest musical strength is put forth at the desk, and that there will the clever Irishman build up his most solid fame.

It is impossible to agree altogether with this view, but one seldom agrees with Mr. Bennett, and it is perhaps best to let him have his say without comment.

It was the death of Sir George Macfarren in 1887 that provided the opening for Dr. Stanford at the University of Cambridge. It was felt that he had, as it were, issued from the University. He had "done great service to art in the production of new works, and by the revival of neglected master-

pieces; and his own compositions showed him to be a Liberal-Conservative in technical and scientific matters." And so Dr. Stanford was appointed. As University Professor he presents some points of striking contrast with his predecessor. As a writer already referred to remarks, there are, however, equally striking features of resemblance. The high standard of merit, the dislike of the commonplace and trivial, and the careful restriction in numbers of the candidates who pass examinations for degrees, maintained by Professor Macfarren, are maintained with equal, if not greater, rigour by his successor. Macfarren was a profound theorist, and a conscientious, kind, and lovable teacher. His writings and criticisms evince literary and poetic ability of a very high order, and are often charming reading quite apart from the intrinsic value of the subject-matter. There is no doubt, however, that his judgment was frequently distorted by his prejudices, as, for example, when he severely censures Bach because of certain "forbidden" progressions, and unhesitatingly declares Mozart a greater musician than Beethoven, because, forsooth, "the latter sometimes made mistakes, the former never."

Professor Stanford's studies have been probably less deep, but they have been wider, and his sympathies are more comprehensive. He values music for its "heart language," and cares less for the mere external presentation, or the faultless technical form. At the same time, he demands from his pupils a clear and intelligible basis of composition, and likes progressions of basses which are solid and dignified, and capable of orderly figuring and sequence. There is not the remotest chance of an "Exercise" being accepted by him that does not show decided musical feeling and talent for composition, in addition to mere grammatical accuracy. He once said to his two fellow-examiners: "You look after the consecutive fifths and other forbidden progressions; I shall examine from the strictly musical point of view." Unfortunately there are but few young musicians who exhibit "decided musical feeling and talent for composition," and it is widely urged that these points should hardly be expected from candidates for the Mus. Bac. degree. Professor Stanford has therefore, rightly or wrongly, acquired the reputation of a very severe examiner. In this connection it may just be added that he wrote to *The Times* lately against women being admitted to degrees at Cambridge. He has two reasons for taking this view: first, that women are physically incapable of competing on equal conditions with men; and second, that women should found a university of their own, "and, for one, I am firmly convinced that the standard of their degrees will compare favourably with that of any university." There is something delightfully Irish about these contradictory reasons, but Dr. Stanford was no doubt as innocent as Sir Boyle Roche himself.

At the opening of the Royal College of Music Dr. Stanford was appointed Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing, and that post he still retains. He is said to adopt a somewhat sarcastic style with his pupils, which no doubt "prevents them from thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but which also sometimes causes a sensitive pupil to shrink within himself, and militates against that unreserved confidence between teacher and pupil which is essential to the highest success." It must, however, be added that the Professor very often praises most warmly, behind his back, a pupil whom he has perhaps rather discouraged during the lesson.

Betters from a Cathedral Chorister.

V.

WELLMINSTER.

MY DEAR GUY,—

After waiting more than two months for a letter from you, I began to think you had thrown me over altogether; but when I heard you had been seedy, I forgave you on the spot. I'm so sorry, old fellow, you have had such a miserable time. It must have been perfectly horrid to be knocked up just when your cousins were there, and to hear everybody else enjoying themselves while you were lying in bed.

I promised to tell you about the Old Boys' Meeting; but it's ancient history by this time, and I'm afraid I've forgotten a good deal that happened.

To begin at the beginning. In the morning, before church, I was going across the lawn to Mr. Littler's with a note from Mr. Robinson, when I saw Benjamin, one of the vergers, talking to a big, tall fellow, who looked like a sailor in his best clothes. I don't think I've mentioned Benjamin before, so I must tell you that he's a bit of a character in his way, and knows everything there is to be known about this place. You should hear him stump when he's taking visitors round the Cathedral. He's a real corker at that, and no mistake. It doesn't matter whether he's showing the picture of Lot's wife in the Chapter House, or the tombs of the kings, he talks about them all as if they were his own relations. He has a tiptop memory, too, and can always fetch out a wonderful story of what people could do when he was a boy, which I should think, from the dozen or so hairs which he takes care to smooth across his forehead to hide a bald place, must be a good many years ago. It's no use to try to sing, or play cricket, or do anything; we are all rank duffers now, according to Benjamin. One day a swell organist was here (Mr. Littler is not supposed to be a swell, you know), and after service he played some rather swagger pieces. Benjamin was standing at the choir gates listening, with his mouth so wide open that I thought he was struck up for once.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Hackett?" I said. Only the oldest boys call him Benjamin to his face.

"Pretty fair, Master Starr," he answered; "pretty fair, considering. But if you'd heard the playing *I've* heard, you'd know what an instrument like the horgan (Benjamin always says 'horgan') is capable of."

"But Doctor——" I began.

"Oh, yes. I know him. *Doctor!* Everybody's *Doctor* nowadays. They say," he went on in a sort of whisper, "that Mr. Littler is going to be made Doctor; and why shouldn't he? But it won't make him play the horgan any better, will it? I used to know a man——"

Just then the organ stopped, and Benjamin's yarn was cut short.

Well, as I was saying, I saw Benjamin and another man in the Close on Old Boys' Day. I said "Good morning," and should have passed on if Benjamin hadn't stopped me.

"Master Starr," he said; "this is Wallis—Mr. Wallis I suppose I must call him now—one of the old boys."

I nodded.

"Such a voice he had, too!" went on Benjamin. "People

used to come miles to hear it. Ah! we used to get something like singing then, didn't we, Wallis—Mr. Wallis, I mean?"

"I suppose it was pretty good," answered Wallis, in an off-hand sort of way. "That's a part of the business I don't recollect much about. I shall never forget the tricks we used to play, though. There was the explosion at the Palace, and the ghost of the old woman in the Cathedral. *You* remember that, don't you, Benjamin?"

"That I do," said Benjamin. "It was very nearly the death of me. But, there, a boy was a boy in those days. *Now——*" The old man shook his head, as if a boy of the present day was a kind of animal he couldn't find a name for.

I asked Wallis if he sang much now, and he laughed and asked me if he looked like a singing bird. I couldn't very well say he did.

"I suppose you often come to Wellminster?" I said.

"Never seen the old shop (jerking his thumb in the direction of the Cathedral) since I left till to-day," he answered. "Shouldn't have come now, I guess, only I happened to be staying close by, and thought I might as well honour the parsons with my presence once more in my life."

At dinner all the old boys who had come to the meeting appeared, and a rum collection they were. Out of about fifty fellows there were two or three curates who did nothing but make up to the Dean and Mr. Robinson; and a dozen or so real starchers, with long-tail coats and collars and cuffs—clerks and counterjumpers, Maggs said they were—who talked a lot and ate no end. Then there were a few seedy—downright seedy ones, who looked all the time as if they wished they hadn't come; and an old buffer or two with grey hair.

I sat next to a long-tail coat, and I must say he gave me nothing to complain of on the score of unfriendliness. He chatted away just as freely as if we'd been chums for years.

"What do you think of the old place?" he said, after asking how long I had been at the Cathedral. "Lots of excitement in Wellminster still, I suppose. There was so much dissipation when I was here, that I had to go away to a quiet place like London to get rest."

We had tea at the Deanery, and a cricket match between eleven old boys and eleven of us. We simply licked the other fellows' heads off. With the exception of one of the curates there wasn't one amongst them fit to hold a bat. I didn't come off, worse luck, for one of the curates and one of the long-tail coats kept mooning about after Mary, who happened to come on the field just as I was going in, that I got my wool off, and let out at a ball that I ought to have played back for. It was jolly annoying, and I told Mary that I lost my wicket through her; but she laughed, and told me not to be a baby. That's the worst of Mary. I know she's nineteen, and I'm not fourteen yet; but she needn't be always throwing a fellow's age in his face.

Next day we were talking on the Green about the meeting. Perkins major wanted to know what the rest of us had found out about the old boys. He had done *his* best to carry out our plan, but had had very little luck. Maggs had no more to tell than Perkins, except that one of the fellows he tried to get at called him an inquisitive young prig, which nearly led to a stand-up between them.

"My observations were general rather than particular," said Midgeley, "and I must say I felt rather proud of my predecessors. They didn't gas about the happy days they spent here; and as for music—I don't believe they mentioned the subject."

"How's that for your book, Starr?" one of the fellows remarked.

"Bother the book!" said I. I didn't tell them about Wallis, or they would have laughed all the more.

I hope you are quite well and strong by this time. Wouldn't your people let you come up to Wellminster for a day? Then I could introduce you to Perkins and the other fellows. Do try to come.

Your affectionate Friend,

BERNARD STARR.

Sir George Grove on Beethoven.

THAT Sir George Grove has been employing his recent leisure to some purpose is abundantly evident from the very admirable volume on "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies," which he has just published with Novello. It is a book which every musician, and indeed every lover of the art, will read with both pleasure and profit. Sir George's enthusiasm for Beethoven is unbounded. He opens with the statement that "the immortal nine" seem destined to remain the greatest monuments of music, as Raffaele's best pictures are still the monuments of the highest point reached by the art of painting, notwithstanding all that has been done since. And he closes with the following:

These great works he did as no one ever did, and probably no one ever will . . . Music will advance in richness, scope, and difficulty; but such music as Beethoven's great instrumental works, in which thought, emotion, melody and romance combine with extraordinary judgment and common sense, and a truly wonderful industry, to make a perfect whole, can hardly any more be written. The time for such an event, such a concurrence of the man and the circumstances, will not again arrive. There can never be a second Beethoven or a second Shakespeare. However much orchestras may improve and execution increase, Beethoven's Symphonies will always remain at the head of music, as Shakespeare's plays are at the head of the literature of the modern world.

That is the keynote of Sir George's enthusiasm. The severely critical reader may object that his praise is too uniformly glowing; for, after all, Beethoven—even Beethoven—had his weak moments like other musical geniuses, and we are no more bound to accept everything that he wrote as being heaven-inspired than we are bound to take Shakespeare always at the level of Hamlet. But Sir George's enthusiasm is a fault which leans to virtue's side, and in this pessimistic age, with its melancholy liver complaint, it does one good to come in contact with such critical good humour.

It is impossible to deal with a book like this—a book of four hundred pages—in any detail. At the most one can but take a few of the leading themes of discussion, and by these indicate in a general way the nature of the work. One of the most interesting points is the question of "programme" or no "programme" in certain of the Symphonies. The Pastoral Symphony we know, of course, to have been intended by Beethoven as a recollection of country life—"more an expression of feeling than a painting." We know also, on the authority of his friend Neate, that it was the master's custom in composing to write to a picture. But the question is whether, without any hint from Beethoven himself, we are to imagine such a picture for ourselves in any given work which we are not inclined to consider as purely abstract in its character. Sir George Grove in one place says we are not.

"Are we sure," he asks, "that in the endless variety of the imagination we should see the picture or event as he saw it? No; unless we have his own assurance on the subject, we must be right to reject all such interpretations." Certainly. And yet here, in this very book, we have an interpretation of certain of the Symphonies which must be considered as entirely unwarranted.

Take the C Minor Symphony, for example. This work was begun in 1805; in 1806 it was laid aside for the B flat Symphony; it was then resumed and completed in 1807, or early in 1808. It thus covered the time before Beethoven's engagement to the Countess Theresa Brunswick, the engagement itself, and a part of the period of agitation when the lovers were separated, and which ended in their final surrender. Sir George, knowing all this—if he had not known it, what then?—and looking to "the extraordinarily imaginative and disturbed character of the Symphony," finds it impossible not to believe that the work,—the first movement, at any rate,—is based on Beethoven's relations to the Countess, and is more or less a picture of their personality and connection.

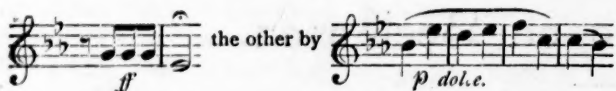
In the Pastoral Symphony Beethoven has shown that he could put all disturbing elements out of his mind, and take refuge in the calm of nature; but in composing a work the character of which is agitation almost from first to last, it is difficult to believe that he could keep clear of that which must have filled his mind on the least invitation. In fact, the first movement seems to contain actual portraits of the two chief actors in the drama.

Sir George pushes the realism even further than this. He bids us, to begin with, read the story of the music lesson, given in the Countess' own words. Well, let us read it; it is diverting enough, anyway. Here it is.

One fearful winter's day in Vienna, in 1794, the snow standing deep, and still falling fast, and traffic almost entirely suspended in the streets, Countess Theresa Brunswick, then a girl of fifteen, was waiting for Beethoven's arrival to give her her pianoforte lesson. Weather never stopped him; but when he appeared, it was obvious that as great a storm was raging in his mind as in the streets. He entered with hardly a motion of his head, and she saw at once that all was wrong. "Practised the sonata?" said he, without looking. His hair stood more upright than ever; his splendid eyes were half closed, and his mouth—oh, how wicked it looked! In reply to his question, she stammered out, "Yes, I have practised it a great deal, but—" "Let's see." She sat down to the piano, and he took his stand behind her. The thought passed through her mind, "If I am only fortunate enough to play well." But the notes swam before her eyes, and her hands were all of a tremble. She began in a hurry; once or twice he said "*Tempo*," but it made no difference, and she could not help feeling that he was getting more impatient as she became more helpless. At last she struck a wrong note. She knew it at once, and could have cried. But then the teacher himself struck a

wrong note, which hurt his pupil both in mind and body. "He struck—not the keys, but her hand, and that angrily and hard; strode like mad to the door of the room, and from thence to the street door, through which he went, banging it after him. "Good God!" she cried, "he's gone without his coat and hat," and rushed after him with them into the street.

This, then, is what Sir George bids us read. After we have read it, he asks us if these two characters, Beethoven and the young Countess, are not exactly expressed. the one by



It would surely be impossible, says Sir George, to convey the situation in music more perfectly—the fierce, imperious composer, who knew how to put his foot down, and the womanly, yielding, devoted girl. The question, however, is, Did Beethoven mean to convey the situation? We submit that he did not. We cannot suppose him to have been capable of anything so petty or trivial. No doubt the affair with the Countess may have given a certain colouring to the symphony; but at the most, we should seek there only a state of feeling, not a picture in concrete form such as Sir George Grove would have us discover in the work. Sir George himself admits in another place that it is exceedingly hazardous to attempt to connect Beethoven's music with the simultaneous events of his life; and as a matter of fact the composer shows himself in some of his happiest moods at the very time when he was mentally most despairing. Tennyson has said somewhere that people in general have no notion of the way in which "we poets" go to work; and if poets are thus inaccessible, how far more inscrutable must be the still more irritable and unaccountable race of musicians! Handel's bankruptcy and paralysis did not interfere with the freedom of his strains, any more than did Mozart's constant impecuniosity and other worries with the gaiety of *Figaro* or *Don Juan*. In literature it has frequently been the same. We know that Scott dictated some of his most dramatic scenes while rolling on the floor in the agonies of cramp in the stomach, and that he could not, on the arrival of the proofs, recollect at all what he had written with so much power a day or two before.

Sir George Grove has a great deal to say about the "programme" of the *Eroica*, too:

It is a portrait—and, we may believe, a favourable portrait—of Napoleon, and should be listened to in that sense. . . . How far the portrait extends, whether to the first movement only, or through the entire work, there will probably be always a difference of opinion. The first movement is certain. The March is certain also, . . . and the writer believes, after the best consideration he can give to the subject, that the other movements are also included in the picture, and that the *Poco Andante* at the end represents the apotheosis of the hero.

The picture is continued throughout the symphony on the same realistic lines. But the *Eroica* has surely a higher meaning than this. There is, of course, no doubt whatever that the work was inspired by Napoleon; but there is just as little doubt that Beethoven meant to give us a general impression of grandeur and heroism rather than a picture of Bonaparte. As another writer on the subject has rightly remarked, it is not a person, it is not a set of facts, it is his own different soul-states that we should try to discover in Beethoven. If we can get at the circumstances which led to these soul-

states, well and good; but do not let us put the circumstances first in seeking to interpret the master.

Another very interesting thing about Sir George's book is the many samples of early criticisms of the various symphonies which he gives. Most of the critics seem to have taken Beethoven for a harmless lunatic. Weber is said to have expressed his opinion, after hearing the Symphony in A, that the composer was now ripe for the madhouse. Fortunately a Nemesis awaited Weber in the matter of this work. In 1826 he came to London to bring out his *Oberon*, and while there had to conduct a Philharmonic Concert, in the programme of which the Symphony in A had a prominent place! Weber, indeed, showed himself particularly foolish in his attempts to judge Beethoven. After the appearance of the fourth Symphony he wrote a *jeu-d'esprit* which was meant to bring out Pleyel and Grometz as great men; Cherubini, the author of sensation music! Beethoven a poor mountebank! and Gluck, Handel, and Mozart his rivals! For Weber there is no excuse; for the ordinary critics there may be some. And yet, what are we to think when we read, in reference to the seventh Symphony, that musicians, critics, and connoisseurs, each and all were unanimously of opinion that the work could have been composed only in an unfortunate drunken condition! Even the Pastoral Symphony was regarded as "too long for the quantity of ideas that it contains"; and one English critic declared that "he must be a great enthusiast who can listen to it without some feelings of impatience." A notice in an early number of the *Musical World* says that when this Symphony was first performed in England it was divided into two parts, and the interval relieved by the introduction of Handel's "Hush, ye Pretty Warbling Choir." When performed later by the Philharmonic Society, large omissions were made in the andante, to make it go down; and yet, notwithstanding this, the ancient members of the press and the profession condemned it. To Spohr the last movement of the fifth Symphony was "an unmeaning Babel." Leseur, a perfectly honest musician of the old school, shook his head over the same work, and declared to Berlioz that "such music as that ought not to be made." To which Berlioz answered, "All right; there's no fear of much being made like it." The *Eroica*, according to a Leipzig critic, was a "wild fantasia of inordinate length," which "seems often to lose itself in utter confusion." And so on. These, no doubt, were honest opinions, but the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Nor were the conductors of these early days always reverent in their treatment of the composer. In the Allegro con brio of the *Eroica* there is a familiar passage in which the horn gives out the first four notes of the leading subject in the chord of E flat, while the two violins are playing B flat and A flat, thus accompanying the chord of the tonic by that of the dominant. Of course the rules of harmony are against the combination, but nobody nowadays would think of that for a moment. Fétis and the Italian conductors used to take it as if the horns were written in the tenor clef, and read B flat, D, B flat, F—chord of the dominant. Wagner and Costa are said—though one can hardly believe it—to have made the second violins play G—chord of the tonic. Ries once narrowly escaped a box on the ear for suggesting to Beethoven that "the d—d horn-player had come in wrong." Fétis and other impertinent correctors deserved something more severe. To the former a rule was a rule, not to be broken under any pretext whatever. And where he thought Beethoven had

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transgressed he calmly set him right. In one case he changed an E flat to F, because "it was impossible for Beethoven to have made such a blunder." In another case he "improved" a passage to suit his own ears, naively remarking that "with these alterations the effect would be excellent." Among all these curious stories of the treatment of Beethoven's Symphonies by conductors, not the least curious is that connected with a passage in the Finale of the first Symphony. The passage in question is the humorous and coquetting one, six bars long, with which the movement starts, and which leads up to the main theme. Türk, a considerable musician, when director of the Musical Society at Halle in 1809, always omitted this passage, because he felt sure that it would make the audience laugh! Türk probably thought that a concert audience had no business to laugh, even if Beethoven meant that they should!

One thing that comes out again very clearly in the analysis of these Symphonies is the immense pains taken by Beethoven in the perfecting of his work. The ordinary conception of Beethoven is that of a wild and erratic genius, who put down whatever came uppermost in his mind, and by the innate force of his inspiration produced masterpieces which seized the world with admiration, and have kept it in astonishment ever since. Even Berlioz speaks of the C Minor Symphony in terms which might easily be interpreted in this way. Fétis goes further, and characterises Beethoven's style as a kind of improvisation rather than composition; meaning thereby, apparently, some wild, lawless mode of proceeding, which, because he was a transcendent genius, happened to come out all right. Such ideas, as Sir George Grove is careful to point out, are simply contrary to facts, and are as false as Voltaire's famous dictum on Shakespeare. Beethoven, with the pen in his hand, was the most curiously tentative and hesitating of men. Those who know his sketch-books tell us that he never adopted his first ideas; that it is common to find a theme or

a passage altered and re-written a dozen or twenty times; that those pieces which appear to us the most spontaneous have been in reality most laboured; that the composition grew under his hand and developed in unintended directions as it did perhaps with no other composer; and that it almost appears that he did not know what the whole would be until the very last corrections had been given to the proof-sheets. Out of doors—and he was seldom indoors—he had his note-book nearly always in hand, and themes and sketches were continually being jotted down for future working up. Many of these jottings prove the commonplace nature of Beethoven's earliest rudimentary ideas, and their elaboration in his works shows the patience with which he turned his thoughts over and over till he had got all that could be extracted from them. If genius has been defined as the art of taking pains, then surely is Beethoven one of the most remarkable exemplifications of the definition.

As a man, Beethoven comes out once more in Sir George Grove's pages in all his old rugged, eccentric strength of character—the Carlyle of music. We see him refusing to take a lodging that had been engaged for him because there were no trees about the house: "I love a tree better than a man." We see him dismissing a cook because he had found her laughing at his back when he was singing and growling and beating time with his hands and feet at table. We find him retorting on his brother who had called himself a "landed proprietor" by sending a card of his own inscribed, "brain proprietor." We hear again about his love affairs, about his deafness, about his poverty, his bodily sufferings, the slights of friends, the neglect of the world—in short, Beethoven is here again on the borders of the living land. Sir George Grove writes with much charm and freshness, and this admirable volume ought not only to be read by, but be in the possession of, every lover of the art.

— About Some English Songs. —

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LOOKING through the notes in Mr. Baring-Gould's fourth volume of the "English Minstrelsie," just published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, I find therein some capital stories which may be reproduced here as a specimen of the kind of thing that readers will meet with in this sumptuous work. The name of Mrs. Waylett, who used to be called the queen of ballad singers, comes up in connection with the song, "Pretty star of the night," with the composition of which she is generally credited. This lady's husband was a very wretched actor, who appeared as Richard III. on the Birmingham stage in 1821. The uproar occasioned by his bad acting rose to such an extent at the end of the third act, that the manager had to appear and entreat the audience to defer judgment till the end of the performance. Immediately after Richard had been killed, the manager stepped before the curtain and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, now you may pronounce your verdict on the departed Richard." Whereupon a stentorian voice from the pit shouted, "Justifiable homicide." The pit is indeed given to such witticisms. Mrs. Waylett was once singing "Tell me where is fancy bred," in Dublin. A baker among the audience either considered the question as addressed to him, or felt that the opportunity for advertising himself was too good to be lost, and so he shouted from the pit,

"The best fancy bread is to be had at Lynch's shop in Exchequer Street; the best in Dublin—devil a better anywhere." The Irish audiences have, in truth, occasionally proved somewhat embarrassing to singers. Paglieri, one of the old operatic vocalists, used to be addressed familiarly as Paddy Leary, and once, when playing Edgardo, some one called out, "Is that Mr. Leary singing, or is it the gas iscapin'?" To Paglieri succeeded Damcke. The audience called him Donkey. He persistently sang out of tune. "You haven't got the kay (key), Mr. Donkey," resounded from all parts of the house, and the unlucky Damcke had to retire.

In connection with "Tom Bowling," we have some good stories of Charles Incledon, one of the most famous of the old ballad singers. Incledon, like many other musicians, was very absent-minded. During a journey with Charles Matthews in a stage-coach, he had been greatly troubled with wasps, and although the journey was one of forty miles, Incledon was convinced that the same insect had travelled with the vehicle for the purpose of annoying him. Towards the end of the day a grave, taciturn gentleman sitting opposite him fell asleep. Incledon was still occupied in evading the wasp, when, to his delight, it settled on the nose of the sleeper. The vocalist at once sprang up and struck with his fist on the insect, crying out, "Ha! d—you,

I've done for you now.' The effect of this outrage upon the old gentleman may be readily imagined; it required all Incledon's asseverations and some additional oaths to convince the stranger that he had not really intended to do for *him*. Mrs. Matthews has left it on record that Incledon was "as much a boy at sixty as at sixteen." There is a story here which goes far to support that opinion. Charles Matthews and Liston were one day in a shop in Bond Street, which was full of perfumery, toys, and nicknacks. They had been looking at some amulets of a black composition on which was stamped the head of George III., in commemoration of the jubilee, when Incledon entered the shop. Liston at once pointed out the amulets, and gravely told the vocalist that they were throat lozenges. Incledon was very fond of trying all kinds of voice "specifics," and he at once bought one of the charms. Liston told him that the lozenge must be kept in his mouth all day, although it was as large as a good-sized brooch. Away went the singer, quite taken in, stuffing the amulet into his mouth. At night the green-room party had been apprised of the joke, and agreed to assist in prolonging it. Incledon entered, his mouth distended with the "lozenge," which he was still sucking, assuring inquirers that it had done his voice good. Mr. Kemble, who was present, advised the vocalist to complete the benefit by keeping it in his mouth all night. "But, my dear Kemble, it may choke me in my sleep." "No, no; Mrs. Incledon can attend to you in the night, and pull it out if she finds you struggling with it." Incledon actually retired to bed sucking his amulet, and retained it in his mouth all night, of course without sleeping a wink. Meanwhile Matthews had contrived to insert in the morning paper a paragraph to the effect that Bonaparte, actuated by hatred against the English, had contrived a trinket in the form of a brooch, adorned with a miniature likeness of the king, which was impregnated with a subtle poison that destroyed the throat, with the express object of getting it introduced into Great Britain, so as to spoil the voices of the most eminent English singers. When Incledon read this paragraph, he fell seriously ill with fright, and the practical jokers were obliged to confess.

Mr. Baring-Gould has perforce to admit that "some of the best verses in our language and best tunes are in honour of drink." And he is right. I have been dipping into a book of some six hundred octavo pages called "In Praise of Ale," in which most reprehensible tome I find, in addition to a large quantity of archaeological, ecclesiological, and anecdotal lore about beer, a sadly demoralizing collection of old English and Scottish songs, all written in praise of the fermented decoction of malt and hops. It should properly have made every hair on my head stand up when I read of "leet" ales, "bride" ales, "clerk" ales, and "church" ales—carnivals of toss-pot revelry held on certain annual Church festivals with the direct sanction of [the clergy. But horror accumulated on horror's head when I came upon a song absolutely written by a bishop—whose name was appropriately Still—and bearing the flagitious title of "Jolly good ale, and old." Throughout does this depraved lyric inculcate the criminal maxim crystallized in its burden—

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Feet and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee ale enough,
Jolly good ale, and old."

Then the hardened toper cites, with demoniacal glee, the addictedness of his spouse to ale. No wonder Warton calls this production the first *chanson à boire* of any merit in the English tongue. But times have changed since Bishop Still wrote. The fashion of

sitting at table after the ladies had withdrawn and singing bacchanalian songs and tossing off glass after glass has passed away probably for ever. Consequently the old drinking songs are gone, and few care to sing them. Nevertheless, as a reminiscence of a distinct feature of English social life, it is quite right that Mr. Baring-Gould should give us some specimens of them. In connection with "Quaff we the purple wine," he quotes one story from "Munden's Memoirs," which I am constrained to give here. The first £100 that Munden realized he laid out in a pipe of port wine. At that time—the end of last century—a host would have blushed at his own want of hospitality had he sent away his guests sober. He hid their hats, locked the doors, and detained them by force. Austin once dined at the house of Mr. Bowes, who carried off Lady Strathmore. Being a domesticated man, he was anxious to get home at a reasonable hour. After earnestly remonstrating against the violence used to detain him, he at length lost patience, took up a plate, threw it at a pier-glass, which was smashed to pieces, and exclaimed—"Now, will you let me go?" There was no hesitation about the answer—"By G—, Austin, go as soon as you like."

The present volume includes that well-known song of Balfe's, "In this old chair," from his now forgotten opera, *The Maid of Honour*. According to Fitzball, the writer of the libretto, Balfe considered this to be his most finished performance. Nevertheless, *The Maid of Honour* failed, and the reason is given by Planché in his "Recollections and Reflections." In the season 1846-47 *Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced at Drury Lane by Jullien. It took the town by surprise; the receipts averaged £400 nightly, and the opera would have run through the season. But Jullien had ordered a new opera from Balfe, and he was bound to produce *The Maid of Honour* before Christmas or forfeit £200. It was madness while *Lucia* was in full swing of popular favour to give it up for Balfe's opera. Planché says, "Forrester and I had entreated Jullien to pay the forfeit if Balfe insisted on it, and not to take *Lucia* out of the bills while its attraction was undiminished. But no; he would not be advised. He would not even appeal to Balfe, who, in the face of the facts, might have consented to waive or reduce the penalty and permit the postponement of his opera until novelty was required." The result was, of course, that *The Maid of Honour* failed; the salaries could not be paid, and Jullien became a bankrupt. Berlioz had been engaged to conduct the orchestra in connection with this enterprise. "I never touched a penny," he says, "beyond my first month's salary, notwithstanding all the fine protestations of Jullien, who, after all, was doubtless as honest a man as he could be consistently with such a depth of folly as his."

Mr. Baring-Gould gets together a mass of interesting information and gossip about his songs and song-writers. But one must complain once more about the slipshod style in which his notes are written. "The air we give was as sung by Mrs. Waylett" is not good English, and there is too much of the same kind of thing. Occasionally, too, we have such absurdities as this: "His voice was a rich tenor; he was a thoroughly worthy, respectable man, and he married the only daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave." The literary descent here is almost as funny as the following, which I came across recently: "She was a woman of many accomplishments and virtues, graceful in her movements, winning in her address, a kind friend, a faithful and loving wife, a most affectionate mother, and she played beautifully on the pianoforte." Mr. Baring-Gould is quite capable of such humorous incongruity.

H.



❖ New York Better. ❖

A NUMBER of years ago New York had an orchestra conductor who was the idol of every music-loving citizen of the city. Whatever he did was right in the eyes of his admirers. For years he led and fed the multitude in their taste for classical music. He found them existing on the mush of a Haydn symphony: through years of careful dieting he educated their taste to the standard of a Beethoven roast beef and a Wagner steak. He was a hard worker, steadfast in adhering to his ideals, a believer in his life-work, his music, his men, and himself. He had, what is so rare a trait in a man who is ever before the gaze of the people, public modesty. No matter what his Ego was in private life, when before the public he had that thing which is even more excellent than a soft and low voice in woman—he had modesty, and this, in a musician, is a rarer thing than hens' teeth, and its fragrance is sweeter than that of the most delicate flower. The musician spends years of time and thousands in gold cultivating his voice, at the piano, violin, or in whatever vent his talent finds an outlet; and yet how much time does he spend, how much thought does he give, to acquiring modesty? If I were not so wise, I would make a fortune as a teacher of Modesty in Musicians; but being wise I do not make the attempt. I know that not one musician would come to me as a pupil; for while they know numerous fellow-workers who should take lessons from me, yet they themselves have no need of my teaching. Even the canary-bird in its cage near the window, gorgeous in its yellow gown, puts on more airs and mannerisms than any *prima donna* as it sings and trills for very joyousness in the spring sunshine. And this modest musician is Theodore Thomas. After many years of faithful service in New York, he was enticed away to Chicago to take charge of the World's Fair music, and there he has remained ever since. This spring he came to New York with his Chicago orchestra, and gave a series of a half-dozen orchestral concerts within less than two weeks' time. And the greatest impression Mr. Thomas left on the public was how that same public has grown away from Mr. Thomas. Yet he retains his old-time discipline and control over his men, he still brings out, as of old, all the resources and effects of a modern orchestra, he is still the classical Beethoven and passionate Wagner interpreter as of yore; and yet there is a change somewhere between the conductor and his old public. At the conclusion of the series of concerts Mr. Thomas was presented with a loving bowl, contributed by his old friends and admirers in this city.

Paderewski has departed from these shores, and has announced that he will not return to us next year. This Pole, possessing more power of attraction than the one which Nansen is so vainly endeavouring to discover, presented \$10,000 to a body of representative citizens as a fund, the interest of which is to be used for prizes to be awarded to the three best compositions selected by a jury of musicians. These competitions are to be every three years, and as so far announced, are to be open to American composers only. It is reported that Mr. Paderewski carries away with his head of hair \$100,000 of our gold, so it seems as if he were carrying out the Biblical injunction of giving in tithes one-tenth, if not of all that he possesses, at least one-tenth of all that he has earned during the past winter. He has set an example, and a worthy one,

which might be advantageously followed by the wealthy Americans who are giving millions to the advancement of this and that science and profession, but who seem to overlook entirely the necessity of fostering native musical talent as embodied in composition. The trustees of Columbia College, of this city, have established a chair of music, to be connected with the institution, and have elected Edward Alexander MacDowell, one of our most promising composers, to fill the position.

The orchestral concerts have ended for the season, but Seidl has already announced nightly concerts, with an orchestra of seventy-five players, to continue during the spring, at popular prices. Arrangements have been made by which he will resume his usual summer engagement at Brighton Beach, with his full orchestra, thus insuring to the people of New York and Brooklyn the opportunity of hearing classical music all through the warm season. As the concert-hall is only fifty feet from the ocean, and open, the orchestra has the roar of the sea continually as an accompaniment.

The Oratorio Society gave its last concert for the year on April 25, when Mr. George Henschel's *Stabat Mater* was heard for the first time in this country. Mr. Henschel directed the work himself, while Mrs. Henschel sang the solo soprano parts, thus giving the work as near a perfect interpretation as one could expect for any composition; yet the work was not well received as a whole. Mr. Henschel does not seem to have caught the true spirit of the *Stabat Mater*, or, if he has caught it, he does not give evidence of it in his composition. The remaining part of the programme was devoted to the finale of the first act of *Parsifal*, Mr. Frangcon Davies singing the part of Amfortas. The chorus work was well done, while the orchestra's part was far from what it should have been.

At the final concert of the Philharmonic Society, April 11, Beethoven's Choral Symphony was the chief number on the programme, the services of the Apollo and the Rubinstein Clubs, two local singing societies, being secured to do the choral work. The writer has heard the Ninth some dozen times or more, and each representation impresses him more and more that the choral part does not add to the dignity, nor, what is more to the point, to the enjoyment, of the composition. As every one knows, the words used are Schiller's "Ode to Joy." If the choral part portrays Beethoven's idea of joy, then one can but believe that what is one man's joy is another man's sorrow. Poor Beethoven! his life had but little joyousness and happiness in it, and for that he is to be sincerely pitied. With such a nature and with such a temperament, how strange it was of him to elect to set the music to an Ode to Joy! Beethoven, of all composers, the master of Symphony, to incorporate in his last and strongest work an ode to joy! Did he succeed? Let every one ask himself that question when next he hears this work performed. The choral part is in a major key, the *tempo* is lively, the voice parts are high, so as to give brilliancy (too high for that matter); and yet where is the joyousness, the lightheartedness, the lightness and effervescence which one always associates with joy? When you have asked yourself that question, then answer it in a spirit of fair criticism.

INSLOW.

❧ Organ and Choir. ❧

Removing an Organ. The question of how to remove an organ without first taking the instrument to pieces has just been solved. The authorities of St. George's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, were recently making alterations in the building. One of the changes was the shifting of the organ from the gallery to the floor of the church. In order to effect this there were summoned a small army of local carpenters, who were told to cut the floor of the gallery on each side of the organ, and by means of screw-jacks, planks, etc., lower the whole thing bodily on to the floor of the church; then on rollers to push the concern on to another floor, which was still lower, into its new quarters. This was done, and the organist played on the instrument the following Sunday! This, I should think, was quite a unique experiment. It may be added that the organ thus dealt with was built by Walker, of London, about 1856. It consists of two manuals and twenty stops, and has a good pedal "open."

Phenomenal Basses. The quality of the Russian voices, especially of the basses heard in church choirs, is remarked by many travellers. Count von Moltke, in his letters from the land of limitless horizons, speaks of a bass that made the windows shake, and again of an "incredibly deep" bass voice that he heard. At a convent for nuns in St. Petersburg which he visited there were some beautiful women's voices, among them "some so deep that one might take them for men's." As a rule the finest tenor and boys' voices come from South Russia, the finest basses from North Russia. Boys are employed in the principal choirs in Russia both for treble and alto parts, and not for treble only, as in our cathedrals. There is, however, no rule of the Eastern Church against women singing, and women are often found in voluntary choirs in the large towns. Some of the bass voices in Russia are so deep that they sing a special part, generally moving an octave below the ordinary bass; hence they are called "octavists." I read lately that all these men take the C on the second ledger line below the bass stave, while some of them can take the F on the fourth ledger line below. These deep voices throw up harmonies which greatly enrich the upper parts, and add a wonderful fullness to the harmony. It would be an interesting question for discussion how far the climate of Russia is responsible for the production of these phenomenal voices.

Organ Stools. I quoted lately in this column an amusing story of an organist having come to grief while playing "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat," owing to the insecurity of some temporary props which he had introduced to raise the organ stool. Dr. Mann, of Cambridge, now makes the very sensible suggestion that stools should be provided with a screw action, which would allow of their being readily lowered or raised. Nature, unfortunately, has made a mistake, and has not given us all the same length of leg. The organ builder must meet the difficulty, and no longer, as at present, provide the same stool for all players.

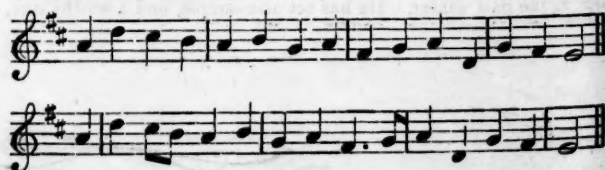
Speed in Hymn Tunes. Dr. A. L. Peace, of Glasgow, has drawn up a statement of the speed which he recommends for a number of standard hymn-tunes. As the eminent organist remarks, there is no subject on which so much diversity of opinion exists; but this diversity will be found to be much less among musicians of high standing; and among the best of them there will probably be found no diversity at all, since they possess that natural instinct which leads them into the proper swing, just as the swing of a pendulum is regulated by its own length. These musicians, unfortunately, are somewhat difficult to find. Dr. Peace thinks that the speed at which hymn-tunes are sung in the Church of England, speaking generally, is "too ridiculous." On the other hand, the psalmody in Scotland was at one period much too slow. Then

the rebound came, with the usual result of going too far in the opposite direction. Here are some of Dr. Peace's "times": Old Hundredth, M. 80; St. George's, Windsor, 92; St. Gertrude, 104; Aurelia, 96; Eventide, 100; Ewing, 100; Ellers, 104; St. Anne, 66. These represent the *via media*, which is the best rule.

Wesley Stories. A memorial window in memory of the late Samuel Sebastian Wesley has just been placed in Gloucester Cathedral, with which he was long connected as organist. When Wesley was at Winchester, the judges at one of the Assizes proceeded up the Cathedral in solemn silence. The Dean, who knew his man, said nothing to Wesley at the time; but when the next Assize came round, he suggested that a voluntary should be played on the organ as the judges advanced along the nave. When the legal procession entered the west door, Wesley put down the low C on the pedals; then he added the stopped diapason on the choir and drew the pedal coupler. In due time—the time was *molto adagio*—he added tenor C, then the fifth above, and subsequently middle C. By the time the judges were in their places an E flat had been introduced, and the "voluntary" was finished! Wesley had played the chord of C minor. The writer who recounts this anecdote tells another about Wesley's father, whose discipleship of Sebastian Bach became a kind of second nature. One evening he had been dining with some congenial spirits. In the small hours of the morning a cab was called to take him home. Before entering the vehicle, however, "old Sam" went up to the driver and inquired, "Do you know John Sebastian Bach?" "No, sir, I don't," replied the Jehu; "but get in—it'll be all right."

Musical Environment. What is the most suitable environment for musical enjoyment? I ask because a friend of mine holds that for the proper appreciation of music a man should kneel in the dusk of a cathedral on a red velvet cushion before a stained-glass window, with the vague consciousness that his nearest and dearest friends are somewhere in the dusk of the same cathedral—all on red velvet cushions before stained-glass windows. It sounds very nice, but I am afraid if I were kept long in that position I should have to echo the petition of Skelton to Cardinal Wolsey: "I pray your grace to let me lye downe and wallow, for I can kneele no longer." At the same time there is no doubt that one's environment does sometimes affect very considerably his appreciation of music. Mr. Joseph Bennett has just been telling us that he finds it impossible to describe the effect of a piece of ancient music as sung by one of the finest of the Roman choirs "before a darkened altar, stripped of its ornaments, and while the last faint glow of departing day rapidly gave place to night."

Coincidence, or What? A correspondent of the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* points out a very curious musical coincidence to which I have hitherto not seen any reference. If you look at Henry Smart's well-known tune "Gloria" (H. A. & M. 436), you will find that the first two lines are melodically identical with the first two lines of the popular old song, "The Vicar of Bray." Here are the two examples in musical notation, the first being the hymn-tune, the second the song:



It would be interesting to know the history of this coincidence—if any one can tell it. Smart was certainly not the man to knowingly lay himself open to a charge of plagiarism; but possibly

he may have thought that such a quasi-ecclesiastical melody ought to be devoted to Church use, and accordingly clothed it so ingeniously as to effectually disguise its profane relationship. Here, at any rate, is a precedent which opens up a wide field for exhausted genius.

Amateur Organists. An American writer says that the musical department in a church is sometimes known as "the war department." Certainly there is war at present in the camp of the organists, who in New York are bitterly bewailing the circumstance that amateurs are getting into all the best posts. Out of thirty churches reported in New York, twenty are served by non-professionals—"one-legged organists," as the *Musical Age* calls them. No doubt the New Yorker finds that the amateur is cheaper; or possibly the Blackburn vestryman's doctrine that professionals have no souls to save has taken root on the other side. I note, by the way, the remark of the New York *Evangelist* that American churches spend about the same amount yearly on their music and their minister. Salaries of £100 to £250 for each solo singer are, however, the exception. There are many city churches that give only £20 to their soloists, and spend less than £200 on the entire musical establishment.

The Strassburg Organ. Every organist has heard, and a good many organists have seen, the famous instrument in the cathedral

at Strassburg. It may therefore be interesting to note that the organ is now being rebuilt. Historically, it is one of the most notable instruments in Germany. The case alone survives of the original, built in 1486, and of course this case will still be preserved. The organ was restored and renovated in 1713-16 by Silbermann on a "new plan," which has done its duty manfully for a hundred and eighty years or more. On one of the old organ doors there is still a legend in letters of gold that Silbermann began his work in 1713, while the other door records the completion of the instrument three years later. The old organ had forty-two stops, and was in pitch exactly a tone lower than the normal pitch of to-day. The new organ is to have forty-six stops, electro-pneumatic action, and sixteen composition stops and couplers. The number of stops is limited by the space.

Musical Wit. An American paper has the following neat accumulation of musical wit: The *Boston Globe* notes that "harmony is something that should be rendered in concert." We shall inquire into this.—*Somerville Journal*. Well, if you do, you'll find it also true. At tenor rate you'll find it based on truth.—*Marlborough Times*. Trio try again.—*Globe*. Duett, duett.—*Boston Bulletin*. Cantata moment's notice.—*Minneapolis Herald*.

Accidentals.

ADVICES from Paris affirm that the Bishop has ordered that the music in La Trinité be made less attractive. The good man complains, and no doubt rightly, that people go to the church solely for the purpose of hearing the music. This is a fine compliment to MM. Guilman and Salomé, the organists of La Trinité.

A Californian lady wanted Paderewski to play at her afternoon tea for five minutes. His agent asked £500; the lady offered £200, but her letter containing the offer was not even acknowledged.

Miss Kate Coleman, an American writer, declares that Wagner has banished joy from music. She believes that too much intellectuality in music kills joy, and deprives auditors of that spontaneous delight which the music of the older masters is capable of giving.

A Scottish authority has recently informed the Gaelic Society that the bagpipe can be heard for eight miles. But who wants to hear the bagpipe anyway?

Bruneau's *Requiem* has excited very little interest on its performance in Paris. M. Pougin dismisses it as a poor, insignificant work which excites no feeling but indifference, and calls for no criticism. This is hard on our English critics.

Mr. Balfour has been able to get a Civil List pension of £70 a year for Madame Bodda-Pyne—"in consideration of her eminence as a singer, and of her services to English Opera." Lady Barnby has been placed on the list for the same sum.

Messrs. Hill & Sons, of New Bond Street, are about to issue a *Life of Gasparo da Salo*, the old Italian violin-maker. The book will be a companion volume to the *Life of Maggini* published by the same firm some time ago.

Mr. Frank Pownall has been appointed to the post of Registrar at the Royal College of Music in place of the late Mr. George Watson. Mr. Pownall was a fellow-student with Dr. Hubert Parry at Oxford, and is an athlete.

At the International Music Trades Exhibition, to be held in the Agricultural Hall in July, it has been decided to hold a choral competition in addition to the ordinary contests of last year.

The prizes, in the aggregate, for this and the other contests, amount to over £1,000.

The farce goes on of adding names to the list of candidates for the Principalship of the Guildhall School of Music. One of the latest names is that of Dr. Louis Nicoli, of Athens, of whom no one seems to know anything.

Evidently the Franco-German hatchet is in a fair way to being buried. The latest sign is the appointment of Brahms to be a corresponding member of the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris.

At a recent sale of musical copyrights, a song called "Saved by a Child" brought £310, while Mr. Hamish MacCunn's entire grand opera, *Effie Deans*, realized £10 14s. 6d. Comment would be superfluous.

Samuel Pepys believed in paying for music teaching by results. In his famous Diary, under date August 31, 1667, he writes: "This day, being dissatisfied with my wife's learning so few songs of Goodgroome, I did come to a new bargain with him to teach her songs at so much, namely 10s. a song, which he accepts of, and will teach her." Probably the unlucky music-master found that Mrs. Pepys was unteachable at any price.

Elijah will probably be in the programme of every large Choral Society in the country this Jubilee Year. The Festival at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns on June 27 will be a really imposing celebration, with its three thousand performers.

We are glad to hear that Sir John Stainer is in much better health, having, since his return from Egypt, where he has spent the winter, undergone an operation which has proved entirely successful. During his stay in Egypt Sir John has continued his researches in the subject of ancient Egyptian music.

A propos of the centenary of Schubert's birth, on the 31st of January next, an exhibition will be held at Vienna from January 15 to February 28, at which all objects having any direct or even indirect connection with the composer and his works will be exhibited.

The Worcester Musical Festival will open on September 6. Mr. E. Elgar's *Lux Christi* is the only new work in the programme.

Our Contemporaries.

THE *Musical Record* improves by becoming more interesting to the English reader. The foreign element has been too long predominant in this journal, and if it cannot yet be said to be written by Englishmen for Englishmen, it is evidently tending in that direction. Professor Prout, who was once editor, and who has always been a mainstay of the *Record*, opens this month with an article on Sebastian Bach's handwriting. One of the first points that strikes one in this connection is Bach's extreme economy of music paper. He often writes so closely that he has scarcely room to squeeze in all his notes. In spite of that his manuscripts, at least as regards the fair copies, are mostly exceedingly clear, and often really beautiful. As an example of this, Professor Prout names the first page of the A flat fugue in the second part of the *Wohltemperirtes Clavier*—the only manuscript of the second part which is known to exist in Germany. Here every note is as clear and distinct as copper-plate; in fact, it is fully equal to much of the engraved music of the same date (1774), and shows a remarkable similarity to the character of the printed edition of the *Clavierübung*, the plates of which were engraved by Bach himself. On the other hand, the first drafts, though not difficult to decipher where Bach has left his original thought unaltered, are often retouched and corrected to such an extent as to be absolutely illegible.—The writer who deals with the question of street music and street noises generally must have nerves like Dr. Johnson, who could stand the drone of a Scotch bagpipe close to his ear. He regards it as "preposterous" to try to stop cock-crowing and the barking of dogs. "As long as a cock is a cock it will crow, and the only way to stop him crowing is to convert him into roast fowl." This sapient mentor probably forgets that the proper place for a cock is the country, where nobody objects to his crowing. People in towns have no right to disturb their neighbours by keeping either crowing cocks or barking dogs, and, unlike the writer in the *Record*, I should heartily rejoice to see both nuisances entirely suppressed. Chanticleer has given annoyance to many excellent people, besides Thomas Carlyle, and he is no more a necessity of town existence than a cow is.—Mr. J. S. Shedlock, dealing in some detail with Bülow's recently published letters, declares that for charm and interest they deserve to rank side by side with the Mendelssohn correspondence. Nowadays it seems impossible to mention the name of Mendelssohn without a sneer. And very often the sneer is purely gratuitous. "Whether that composer was a genius of the higher order may be open to question; but that he was an excellent correspondent would be willingly admitted even by his bitterest foe." So, Mr. Shedlock. Was it not possible to state the one fact without suggesting the other?

The most interesting thing in the *Musical Herald* is the sketch of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of the late Jenny Lind. Mr. Goldschmidt admits that he was "made in Germany," but he has been long enough amongst us to count as one of ourselves. He became a professional musician mainly owing to the favourable verdict of Mendelssohn, to whom he was taken by his parents for advice on the matter. He was one of the first pupils in the Leipzig Conservatorium, which opened its doors in 1843, and there had the benefit of instruction from both Mendelssohn and Schumann. Mendelssohn's pianoforte class consisted of seven students. The lesson lasted two hours, and Mendelssohn stood all the time. Mr. Goldschmidt says that the composer was very particular in the matter of phrasing, especially where two notes were slurred. He would insist upon the second of the two being treated as a reflection of the previous note. In regard to preparation, Mendelssohn used to say: "It is not a question how much or how long you practise, but *how* you practise." Of Mendelssohn's playing Mr. Gold-

schmidt says: "His mechanism was extremely subtle, and developed with the lightest of wrists (never from the arm); he therefore never strained the instrument, nor hammered. His chord-playing was beautiful, and based upon a special theory of his own. His use of the pedal was very sparing, clearly defined, and therefore effective; his phrasing beautifully clear." Mr. Goldschmidt was at Chopin's last concert in Paris, just before the Revolution broke out. He says that the composer, even when playing his published works, would introduce *floriture* and ever varying embroideries, according to the fancy of the moment. Mr. Goldschmidt married Jenny Lind at Boston in 1852, and in 1858 the pair began to reside permanently in England.—Mr. Hamilton Clarke, having been asked to draw a comparison between the Lamoureux Orchestra and our best English ones, does it by saying that we cannot do anything which can compare for an instant with the recent performances of the French orchestra. And the reason why we cannot do it is because our rehearsal system is totally inadequate. Instead of devoting six or eight whole mornings to one new symphony in order to learn it, not much more than half that time is allowed for practising the orchestral portion of all the works destined to fill the eight concerts of some provincial festival, nearly half of them new and unknown.—Could we but change all this, and could an English Lamoureux be found, we should in a reasonable time have an English orchestra superior to the French one. Such, at any rate, is Mr. Hamilton Clarke's opinion.

The *Musical Times* proves to us, if we had not otherwise known, that Mr. Joseph Bennett has been in Rome. He heads his article in which he tells us about his experiences "In the land of song," but he has to admit mournfully that scarcely is Italy the land of song at the present moment. Mr. Bennett was in Rome during Easter, and after doing a round of the churches during Holy Week in search of "copy," it is now a question with him whether "the gabble of chanting and the quick march of psalmody in the English Church be not a mistake." Or rather, it is no question at all. Joseph, old Dissenting Church Organist though he be, would far rather have the earnestness and the dignity and the certain deliberateness of the Roman Catholic Church music. Compared to that our home product is "open, palpable, gross as a mountain." Has Mr. Bennett ever listened to an English Cathedral service?—Autograph letters by Balfe are said to be scarce. The *Times* gives a *fac-simile* of one written from St. Petersburg, in which Balfe offers to conduct at Her Majesty's Theatre for £30 a week. "I will work like a slave," he says, "and be very useful, as well as ornamental." It was a modest salary that he demanded, but, as it turned out, Balfe's application was unsuccessful, the appointment falling to Arditi.—I do wish people would stop sending Mr. Bennett those specimens of provincial musical criticism, which he dishes up in his "Facts, Rumours, and Remarks." A little of that kind of stuff goes a long way, and the distance has already been more than covered.

A *propos* of some remarks on Jullien in our last number, a writer in the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* reminds us how that crazy conductor's end was in keeping with his career. He was sitting at the piano one morning when he suddenly jumped up with a knife in his hand, and, addressing a young lady who was on a visit to the house, told her he had an inspiration from heaven to kill her. With wonderful presence of mind she declared her readiness to die, but asked him to grant her one last favour. "What is that?" he demanded. She begged that he would let her hear him play some of his own compositions on the piccolo. He consented, and went into an adjoining room to fetch the instru-

ment, whereupon the lady turned the key upon him and rang for assistance. The poor fellow was taken to a private madhouse, and died, practically by his own hand, soon after. Jullien was really "off his head" long before he died. He once told Hatton that he so cut the trees of a plantation on his Belgian estate that, when the wind was in the south, they played the slow movement of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony! He took it into his head that he would set the Lord's Prayer to music, and remarked to M. Rivière that a composition bearing on its title-page two of the greatest names in history could not fail to be a success. "The Lord's Prayer; words by JESUS CHRIST, music by JULLIEN"—that was to be the wording of the cover, but the cover was never printed.—I learn from the *Journal* that, at a choral festival recently held on the borders of Wales, a speaker said that Handel was at Llangetho at the time of a great religious revival, and there received the inspiration to write the Hallelujah Chorus. The gentleman had better give his authority for the statement. The same speaker, referring to the introduction of a harmonium in the chapel he attended when a boy, said that the innovation caused a great disturbance, especially among the old people. The instrument was called "The devil's bellows." This is a new term. It would be interesting to know all the epithets that have at various times been applied to harmoniums and organs when first introduced.

The *Orchestral Association Gazette* continues, as is only natural, to be interested in the question of Sunday orchestral music. Rather perhaps, I should say, in the question of how the orchestral musician is to be paid for Sunday duty. Everybody knows by this time that the said musician gets less for his work on the seventh day than he gets on any day of the six. That is the trouble, and the question for consideration is, How far the orchestral musician should be expected to meet the public in its desire for cheap music? The musician would be as glad of the Sunday rest as the carpenter or the bricklayer, and if he is not to have that rest it seems only reasonable that he should get a sufficient pecuniary substitute for it. The *Gazette* urges players who are asked to take Sunday engagements to insist on "the recognised professional terms." This is all very well in principle, but, unfortunately, it has been shown that in certain cases those who refuse to work at lower terms on Sunday are not allowed to work at all throughout the week.—The visit of the *Lamoureux Orchestra* leads the *Gazette* to a discussion of the question, "Do we want a permanent orchestra?" Recent press comments, founded on the *Lamoureux* performances, suggest that we do—that, as Mr. Hamilton Clarke indicates, we should have an orchestra organised on lines which would secure to the conductor the privilege of unlimited rehearsals. The *Gazette* does not agree with this view, "our experience being that unlimited practising under the same man is not indispensable to the best possible performances." The writer is convinced that men gain considerably by a change of conductors. Work under different leaders gives greater vitality to their enthusiasm, which, under some conductors, is apt to vanish, and which, when it comes under the influence of the right man can always be brought out with interest. In any case, unlimited rehearsing is not, we are assured, a condition to the highest perfection of performance. There has never been a conductor who wanted a good effect, and knew how to get it, who has not had sufficient rehearsal in this country.

It has been said that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but the saying is certainly not true in the matter of voice specifics and voice treatment generally. A writer in *Musical Opinion* bids us look for a moment at the number and variety of stimulants used or advocated by various singers at various times. Formerly the great majority of vocalists looked upon stout as the grand laryngeal lubricator. Malibran never sang better than when she had drunk at least a pot of porter out of a pewter pot,—the more difficult the music, the larger the quantity of liquid. One

opera in which she appeared contained a long exacting "sandbank scene," and Malibran used to get behind the projection and have her Dublin brown served up through the stage door! Grisi also drank bottles of stout between the acts, and if she had to sing a stormy character, the dose was always strengthened. But Grisi drank in moderation. Malibran ultimately went to excess, and, dying at the early age of twenty-eight, left some one to suggest the presumption that her constitution "succumbed to inconsiderate efforts to maintain an artificial excitement." Malibran's father is said to have sought vocal inspiration in draughts of a fiery Spanish wine, and on one occasion he is reported to have nearly strangled his daughter owing to the liberality of his potations. Champagne was at one time greatly used as a vocal stimulant. A famous singer at the end of the seventeenth century allowed himself no fewer than six bottles before each performance! An equally famous *prima donna* of the last century became so fond of this species that, as the Priestess of Diana in Gluck's opera, she was one evening taken with locomotor ataxy. Sophie Arnold summed up the situation very neatly by remarking: "*Iphigenia in Tauris*! I call it *Iphigenia in Champagne*!" A sally which, by the way, led to Sophie being ordered a fortnight's imprisonment by the Lord Chamberlain. Madame Cinti-Damoreau's taste was moderate, but eminently varied. She used to begin with a few mouthfuls of black coffee, glorified with rum! In the *entr'actes* she sipped Malaga, and in the last act she fortified herself with a bottle of pale ale. Scaria, the famous Wagnerian bass, was seen, just before a performance of *Parsifal* to regale himself on a plate of mixed biscuits washed down with a tumbler of weak port and water. Labatt, the Swedish tenor, used to eat a couple of salted cucumbers, and declared that this vegetable was the best thing in the world for strengthening the voice and giving it "the true metallic ring." Sontag took sardines in the *entr'actes*; Trebelli would eat strawberries in their season; Watchel put his faith in the yolk of an egg beaten up in sugar; Patti, when she does not use seltzer water, generally has an astringent lotion of some kind for gargling before attempting any remarkable flight of melody. Gallmeyer, the famous *soubrette*, treated her throat to a good rubbing—externally, of course—with rum and glycerine before each performance. Other singers had other specifics. This one believed in "the brown juice of the gambinus"; another in black coffee; a third in mulled claret. One baritone drank mead between the acts; another munched bonbons. Some believe in sucking dried plums; others in eating apples, peas, or prunes. At the present day, especially in England, lemons are popular with those who wish to preserve their purity of intonation and keep their power of sustaining high notes. Italians like eggs beaten up simply, or with wine. French singers prefer *eau sucrée*; Spaniards take cups of strong chocolate, followed by water, sugared and lemoned. A great many vocalists still believe, however, that a glass of stout is the best thing to restore them when they suffer from the effects of over-exertion or have a strained voice; and even at some of the Italian conservatoires Dublin stout is recommended by the professors as a throat tonic. In the matter of alcoholic stimulants for the voice, it is, of course, inevitable that a variety of opinions should exist. There is, however, no doubt that the taking of frequent "sips" of spirit does injure the coating of the throat and harden the tone.

The Lute dishes up the old facts about Sir Arthur Sullivan's career to accompany a portrait of the composer. No contemporary English musician, we are told, has done so much for English music, or has charmed the gloom of every-day life into tenderness, gaiety, and delight. Our contemporary is an ingenuous little organ. It tells its readers how I remarked last month upon having had *The Lute* for some six or seven years, but without the important reservation that it had been forced on me by post, free, gratis, and for nothing. As one of its writers remarks in another connection, "we dare not trust ourselves to be as facetious as we might."

The *Organist and Choirmaster* has been the victim of a nice little dodge, and its price is going up in order to circumvent the dodgers. It seems that organists and choirmasters have been ordering the magazines in quantities for the sake of the musical supplements, which, of course, means a restricted sale of these supplements when issued in separate form. Hence the trio of editors have taken a step in self-defence, and probably they will now find that the supplements are not wanted at all!

Le Guide Musical adds one more to the already large collection of Bülow stories. Bülow was conducting the orchestra at Saint Gell. In this orchestra there were two bassoons who were not

certain about their entries. "When they had nothing to play," said the erratic conductor, "I was in mortal agony lest they should come in at an inopportune moment, and all the time I kept signalling to them not to play. When, on the other hand, they had to make their entry, I had all the difficulty in the world to explain to them, by the same signals, that the moment had come for them to play. As a sort of compensation I had a drummer, also an amateur, who was so sure of his entries that during the rests, which he continued to count, I could let him go and visit a neighbouring café; he always came back in time to play with admirable punctuality the entry which awaited him."

Correspondence.

ABOUT SENDING ROUND THE HAT.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—As an old subscriber to your Magazine, I wish to say that I heartily agree with your recent remarks in regard to the Lady Hallé Testimonial. I myself think it monstrous for musicians or others to be appealed to for subscriptions on behalf of artists after a 40 years' most successful career. They must be very improvident if they have not in that time saved enough to be independent.

Then, again, for musicians to be called upon to raise a fund to provide for a family of such a man as the late Sir Joseph Barnby is simply—well, I cannot find a word to meet the case. After Sir Joseph having held the post at Eton for about 18 years at £1,500 a year, and residence, then at the Guildhall School with £1,000 a year, to say he had no opportunity of providing for his family is ridiculous. How do such busybodies think the poor musicians of the rank and file can live?—say the provincial organists whose stipends vary from £50 to £80 per annum, and who have to work hard all the year round teaching, in order to get bare existence. Many mechanics in this town, whose training has cost them nothing, earn four and five times the amount. I repeat, how do such busybodies think men like these can even live decently, much less be able to be always putting their hands in their pockets to provide for such extravagant, thriftless people? I hope you will have something further to say on this matter.

I am, yours, etc.,

N. SMITH.

COVENTRY, May 10, 1896.

A PLEA FOR STREET MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—“There! What do you think of that?”

It certainly was a sight to make one pause and reflect. A dark and narrow alley; the pavement bestrewn with crawling babies, cats, and orange-peel; women, with unkempt hair and arms akimbo, standing at the doors of dirty dwellings; men, their husbands—or otherwise,—smoking stumpy clays, as they sit in shirt-sleeves on the doorsteps, or lean out of the open windows; and children,—yes, children of all ages and sizes above babyhood,—there they are, dancing right merrily to the lively strains of the piano-organ. It is the daily gleam of sunshine into that dark recess; the hour when the squalor and misery of life in that court is forgotten, when the brawl is suspended, and the voice of cursing and blasphemy is suspended for a while.

And the angel who can thus influence the lowest and most degraded of our city population is attired in the guise of an Italian organ-grinder!

“Look at him!” says my friend, “how happy he seems to be as he watches the youngsters enjoying themselves. See! how

he shows his white teeth, and grins with satisfaction at their capers!”

“Lor’ bless yer, sir, we expects this ere bloke hevery dai,” says one of the tenants of Primrose Alley, who is leaning contentedly out of a window just above our heads. “E’s a ole friend, an’ as come ’ere for mor’n six years.”

A friend he seems to be indeed; for he has a nod for each of them—a nod of hearty recognition, which sets the glossy black ringlets shaking above his olive temples, and the shining ear-rings in his ears. For a few pence he gives them a remarkable selection, in good tune and time, too. What matter if it sound a trifle mechanical? The latest gems from the opera; the last music-hall song; the inevitable “Lost Chord”; even an overture by Rossini,—all are deliberately and conscientiously ground out, and are as deliberately and conscientiously listened to by an appreciative audience.

“Who can say,” said my friend, “that these poor people do not derive quite as much enjoyment from this performance as do the frequenters of the Albert Hall, or the Royal Italian Opera House?”

And yet there are some who urge the abolition of street music. That it should be restricted, or, at least, practised under control in certain districts of our towns, none would venture to deny. Yet *audi alteram partem* is a very safe motto; and as long as there are quarters in our great cities where the visit of the Italian with his piano is looked forward to as the great event of the day, so long must we not only tolerate, but even encourage his presence among us.

If these words be read by musical readers with eyes of blank astonishment, and regarded by them as so much rank heresy, they may perhaps permit themselves to be reminded that street music has vastly improved during the past quarter of a century, and is still improving. The old “barrel-organ,” though it lingers here and there, as wheezy and decrepit as he who operates thereupon, is rapidly disappearing in the process of the mighty evolution of this musical age. The highly antiquated barrel-organ,—consisting of two sets of wooden pipes, of flute and diapason quality, and having for its repertory “The Old Hundredth,” “Auld Lang Syne,” and “The Sicilian Mariner’s Hymn,” trilled forth with the tremulous tones which result from asthmatical bellows,—is now a *rara avis* among street instruments, and on the high road to extinction. The musician of the second decade of the twentieth century, visiting the South Kensington Museum, will be shown this exceedingly interesting relic of the musical instruments in vogue in the days of good Queen Victoria; and, if he be permitted to turn the handle, will listen with considerable astonishment to the tunes which delighted (?) the ears of his parents or grandparents.

Its successor, the mechanical-piano, is nothing if not secular. “None of your quasi-ecclesiastical tones for me,” it seems to say.

Yes, it is uproariously, stridently, frolicsomenly secular, appealing to all that is jovial in cockney nature; and perforce bringing life and brightness into dark corners. The said piano, too, unlike its predecessor, roams afar, awaking the echoes in our country villages, whither it has been painfully drawn (for it is a bulky machine) by the industrious and mutually helpful Italian and his wife, to say nothing of the sturdy boy who "lends a hand" in his own small way; or of the infant in the cradle attached to the handles, which crows and kicks amid the clanging din, cheering and cheered by the mechanical noise.

Then the country yokels stand in groups, discussing in their wonderment the cause of the instrument's marvellous agility.

"Don't yer wish yer could ply like that, Mary Ann?" says a farm lad, nudging his sweetheart's elbow. The said Mary Ann, the meanwhile, listening with open-mouthed astonishment. They do not dance, as do their town cousins of Primrose Alley—(the country labourer and his kin do not indulge in voluntary exercise; their greatest pleasure is to sit or stand still),—but they enjoy the music nevertheless. The brilliant trills, cadenzas, and bravura passages, strummed forth fortissimo, awaken in the rural breast visions of the great town, "Lunnon," and of the almost unimaginable delights—musical and otherwise—to be obtained there. And so the itinerant musician brings to the dull village, where human beings seem to be in danger of lapsing into a purely vegetable condition, some of the brightness and human activity of the town, and therefore we give him and his instrument our benediction, and say, "Come again!"

The piano, and its prototype, the barrel-organ, by no means exhaust the *artists*—successors of Jubal—who drive some to the verge of madness, according to their own statement, and bring a ray of brightness and happiness, according to others. There is the solitary and nomadic performer on the melancholy clarinet; the red-nosed and equally solitary out-at-elbows piper on the tin whistle; the discusser of long-drawn-out, bellowing sounds on the trombone; the inflicter of infinitely vulgar melodies on the cornet-à-pistons. There is also the combination of these otherwise solitary nomads.

"Look at them," says my friend, "outside that public-house. You will notice that they glance wistfully at the windows before they begin, and lick their lips like hungry—I should have said thirsty—wolves. Poor fellows, they have spent their last copper in a frugal meal, and hope to replenish the inner man once more as the result of their exertions on the present occasion. Now, listen carefully, and you will see how suggestive are the opening bars." I listened; and sure enough they began with Danby's glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn." But the impressive and suggestive part came later. After playing it through, first *forte*, then *piano*, the four lank and lean individuals, upraising their ruddy noses, and holding the battered brazen instruments devoutly before their stomachs, sang, "'ale, 'ale, 'ale! 'ale, smiling morn!" It was highly suggestive; and, in due time, was appropriately rewarded by the very appreciative audience within.

Of late years a new form of out-of-door music has sprung into vogue. "The mysterious musicians," as they term themselves, are to be found chiefly, during "the season," in our sea-side resorts. Sometimes they consist of two men only, one of whom is a vocalist, the other a pianist. At other times they are accompanied by a lady. The piano (not a mechanical one this time), is drawn by a stalwart labourer; and, after the camp is pitched, a lengthy programme is performed. That such street music is much appreciated, is testified to by the crowds which will assemble, and by the considerable amount contributed when the hat circulates at the close of the performance. The performers are usually well up to their work, and it would be a distinct advantage to the music-loving community if "The mysterious musicians" were more common.

About the German Band the less said the better. Perhaps it is in a hopeless condition. The worst of the German itinerant is, that he does not know the meaning of the English word "No." The Italian organ-grinder makes his bow and passes on. He will even

give a few additional tunes gratis in a poor quarter when the people are appreciative of his efforts; but you never find the German band there. The confraternity restricts its efforts to well-to-do squares and West-end streets. The smallest boy there blows spasmodically into a bombardon quite as big as himself, while the tall *chef d'orchestre*, carrying his oboe or clarinet, insults the inhabitants from door to door if he be refused the blackmail he considers he has a right to impose. By all means let the German Band be sent back to "Father-land"; by all means let something be done to encourage our other street musicians to keep their instruments in decent tune; but by no means seek to abolish that which brings much delight to the poor.

Yours faithfully,

C. D. L.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—In your April issue you make the following statement:—

"One thing it will be well to draw the player's attention to before proceeding any further, and that is, the metronome time $\text{♩} = 112$. This, as will be seen, is rather a high rate of speed, and is given as the maximum desirable. The rate recommended for the average player is about $\text{♩} = 100$. This, of course, indicates, with the time signature $\frac{3}{4}$, that there are only two beats in a bar. The Hungarian rate of marching to a quick step is somewhat in excess of the English and most continental nations. Hence I have been careful to mark the rate of speed required."

How can the Hungarian rate of marching to a quick step exceed the English and most continental nations, when the English rate is $\text{♩} = 120$? The French again exceed this. The interpretation of these Hungarian marches from a time point of view is seemingly left to the conductor; the result is that various *tempi*, ranging from $\text{♩} = 90$ to $\text{♩} = 120$ are used. The well-known march in question—the "Rakoczy"—I find goes to a fine swing at about $\text{♩} = 116$ with military band.

Yours faithfully,

T.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—With regard to your correspondent's objections, Grove and Mendel (*Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon*) have the following. I quote from Grove only, as the paragraph given is practically a literal translation of the German authority:—

"With the ordinary (parade) march, about seventy-five steps go to the minute; with the quick march (Germ. *Geschwind-Marsch*, Fr. *Pas redoublé*) about 108; while the Storming-March (Germ. *Sturm-Marsch*, Fr. *Pas de charge*) implies about 120 steps per minute, these being measured by rapid beats of the drum."

From this it will be seen that I am strictly justified when in marking the march $\text{♩} = 112$, I state that "it is somewhat in excess of the English and most continental nations." An excess as a matter of fact, of four beats per minute. My optional rate of 100 beats to the minute was a concession drawn from me by sad thoughts of the many *knock-kneed* amateur pianists I have had the misfortune to meet.

While I can quite agree with my correspondent that the march may, on a military band, in a simply and clearly scored version swing well at $\text{♩} = 116$, I hold strictly to my former remarks that $\text{♩} = 112$ is in the piano version given in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for April, the maximum speed desirable. Those who can with any repose of style and technique play it at a higher rate of speed are presumably capable pianists and have therefore won for themselves the right to an opinion on all points connected with its interpretation. It may prove not uninteresting to note the various *tempi* of famous arrangements of this barbarously splendid and gorgeous march. Berlioz, in his setting in "The Damnation of Faust," has himself marked the time at $\text{♩} = 88$, Liszt's symphonic settings, both for orchestra and piano (Schubert), go well at

about the same *tempo*, as does also the 15th Rhapsody, which is a bravura setting also for piano for concert purposes, while the same composer's easier and more popularly-known version is usually taken at $\text{♩} = 104$; add to this my correspondent's $\text{♩} = 116$, and we have a choice of *tempi* wide enough to suit all tempera-

ments and meet all arrangements, both simple and complex. For the rest, I would draw my esteemed correspondent's attention to a slight seeming confusion of thought when he states that the English rate of marching is $\text{♩} = 120$. The minim is, of course, not invariable. H. O.

A Visit to La Scala, Milan.

LA SCALA! What memories the name calls up! Visions of past greatness; recollections of brilliant gatherings in our own time. The most casual reader of the *History of Music* must have noticed how often the words "First performed in La Scala" occur in accounts of now famous operas. In this historic house many, many works have first seen the light; some to die while they were scarcely born, others to grow to honoured manhood, and make a name, not only for themselves, but for their authors.

It had long been a dream of mine to visit La Scala. Indeed, to attend a Bayreuth Festival and visit La Scala were for years my chief ambitions. Why two such diametrically opposed artistic centres should have cast an equal fascination over me I cannot say; it matters not. Dame Fortune was in this instance most kind, and last summer I was enabled to visit Milan and see La Scala. The recollections of Bayreuth did not interfere at all with the pleasure experienced. The one is the home of all that is best and purest in regenerated musico-dramatic art; the other the centre of past greatness, of memories of the dim distant days, when Italian operas and singers filled the chief places in the musical arena of Europe; when nothing was aimed at beyond what the mind could easily grasp at a first hearing and what pleased the eye—in short, a night's enjoyment, made up by listening to lovely tunes wedded to passionate words, and watching graceful dancers. No "Guide-book through the musical motifs" of the works was needed. The philosopher and theorist held sway only in Conservatoriums in these days!

For any one who is not totally devoid of the power of appreciating the beauties of nature, few parts of Europe offer so many varied attractions as do the parts passed between Lucerne and Milan.

An ever-changing panorama of lovely scenery, surpassed nowhere, meets the eye as the train slowly wends its way along lake-side, through mountain gorge, and across widening valleys. The wonderful ascent to the mouth of the great tunnel, where ice and snow lie on the mountain side; the rush and roar of the train, as it whirls you through the darkness of that marvel of man's handiwork; the peaceful plains of Lombardy; the rugged country through which the descent to the Italian railway level is reached; the passing of Lugano and Como—dreams of fairy-land realized by hamlets and villages, picturesque churches and calvaries, orchards and vineyards, woods and meadow-land, until you reach the fair city itself—such a journey as this attunes the mind to the right mood in which to receive the impressions so soon to be made. You cannot walk far in Milan without feeling that you are in the land of art—in a country where music, painting, singing, and acting are not looked upon as luxuries, to be enjoyed only "when trade is good," but where those God-given gifts are lovingly fostered and rightfully prized.

Nothing can be more disappointing, however, than the first view of La Scala. This may be due to the overwhelming magnificence of "The Domo," but at best the exterior of the famous opera-house is unimposing and dirty-looking. A plain elevation faces the narrow street, broken only by a massive portico, under which the main entrance is. The present house was opened in 1778,

having cost one million lire to build. On entering you find yourself in a dingy-looking, low-roofed "foyer," in which are statues of Rossini and Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi. From this, narrow passages lead to the auditorium, which, like so many continental theatres, is composed of tiers of boxes, there being no fewer than five grand tiers and a gallery above, while the floor of the house is occupied by stalls and a narrow pit—standing room only—at the back. The length of the house is 330 feet and its width 122 feet. The boxes hold 1,900, the stalls 600, the gallery 500, and the pit 600, a total of 3,600! The interior is very beautifully painted in white and gold, while each box and its retiring-room is upholstered in dark red silk. The stage is 145 feet deep and 96 feet wide—one of the largest in the world; while "behind the scenes" are numerous wonderful inventions for shifting the scenery, quite beyond the grasp of the lay-mind.

What wonderful scenes have been enacted within the walls of this theatre! From the grand tiers of La Scala have resounded judgments on this or that work which have re-echoed to the ends of the artistic world. Here have been gathered together the learned in things musical, the queens of society, the interested amateur, the social butterfly anxious to flirt with somebody's wife, the middle-class opera goer, and the poor man or woman who has saved a lire to buy a seat, all more or less engrossed in the new opera, and bent upon either giving it a "fine send-off" or "damning it for ever."

The opinion of a "first night" audience in La Scala has shaped many a man's career. Hundreds of operas have been ruthlessly condemned and never heard of again, while others have gone forth with the hall-mark of approval to win wider fame, with the rugged path made easier because of the applaudits which rung in the old Milan opera-house from boxes, stalls, and gallery.

Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, known to many solely by its sparkling overture, was produced in La Scala in 1817—one of the most brilliant examples of this master of comic operas' cunning—and was received with cries of "Bravo, maestro!"

Bellini—who was a friend of the knavish Barbaja, the manager—wrote several operas for La Scala. Chief amongst them were *Il Pirata*, produced in 1827; *La Straniera* in 1829; and the famous *Norma* in 1832—his best work, and one of the finest Italian operas ever written.

Donizetti also wrote many of his operas specially for La Scala. *Anna Bolena*, in 1831, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in 1832, were both produced in Milan. The music of the latter work is as fresh to-day as when it was written: one number, the duett in Act I., is one of the best things Donizetti ever wrote. *Lucrezia Borgia*, in 1834, was another triumph for the genial melodist, who was to give *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Fille du Regiment* to an indulgent and delighted public. One other work by this master was produced on the famous stage, an opera almost totally forgotten in this age—*Gemma di Pergy*, in 1835.

When we come to the name of Verdi, our interest quickens. His life-work has been so bound up in Milan with the house of Ricordi, and on the stage of La Scala, that in the list of productions there we find many of Verdi's best works.

His first opera, *Oberto, conte di S. Bonifacio*, was, in 1839, pro-

duced in La Scala, but met with scant courtesy on the part of the audience. *Nabucco*, in 1842, although not what would now be called "a great success," was the first of that long chain of operas which have been given to the world with apparently so little effort on the part of the composer for nearly three-quarters of a century. *I Lombardi* in 1843, *Giovanna d'Arco* in 1845, were both produced on the great stage of La Scala. In later times three of Verdi's operas have been produced there amid scenes of the wildest excitement: *Simon Boccanegra* in 1881, *Otello* in 1887, and *Falstaff* in 1893.

The gathering present on the memorable evening of 9th February, 1893, was perfectly unique. Everybody who was anybody in artistic Milan, representatives from all the chief musical centres of Europe, and members of the press from all parts of the world, crowded the enormous house to suffocation. At the close of each act the entire audience, casting all reserve away, rose in a body and cheered again and again the white-haired old master, who for so very many years has been the foremost living Italian composer, as he bowed his acknowledgments from the stage. Such scenes of enthusiasm as have been witnessed within the walls of La Scala appear to the sturdy, unemotional Briton as little short of madness. But the Briton must not forget the hot

blood that flows in Southern's veins, the keen interest evinced in dramatic works of all kinds, and the fact that such men as Verdi are popular heroes, in whose existence the people take far more interest than even the most rabid Home Ruler does in Mr. Gladstone's actions!

It was in the great opera house that Boito's *Mefistofele* was produced in 1868. First regarded as a failure, now admitted one of the masterpieces of the century. Here also Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, Ponchielli's *Il Figliolo prodigo*, and gifted Puccini's *Manon* were all produced. Indeed, there are few works of note by any member of the Italian school written during the last fifty years—with, of course, one or two notable exceptions, such as Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*—that have not been produced in La Scala. With Verdi well and strong, Boito finishing another work, Ponchielli and Puccini in their prime, Laoncavallo busy on his trilogy, and other less-known men hard at work, the glories of La Scala do not appear to be on the wane. The passionate, soul-stirring works of the past days will arise again, and Italian opera will once more hold universal sway in Europe. Theorists and masters of counterpoint will return to their schools, and composers with gifts of dramatic instinct, and of melody, will once again regain their rightful place.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

"Move Side Lights on Singing."

I HAVE from my childhood always collected any quotations or passages that may serve as a help or inspiration to singing, so I made all speed to obtain and read the correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. As much of it would be heavy reading to any but great Wagner enthusiasts, I quote the letter in question at some length for the benefit of those who may not have the time or inclination to read the whole book for themselves.

"Owing to the deplorable fact that at our German theatres scarcely anything but opera translated from a foreign language is given, our dramatic singers have been most thoroughly demoralised. The translation of French and Italian operas are generally made by blunderers, or at least scarcely ever by people who would be able to effect between the music and the translation a similar concordance to that which existed in the original version, as, for example, I tried to do in the most important parts of Gluck's *Iphigenia*. The result has been in the course of time that the singers got into the way of neglecting altogether the connection between word and tone, of pronouncing an unimportant syllable to an accentuated note of the melody, and of putting the important word to a weak part of the bar. In this way they gradually become accustomed to the most absolute nonsense, to such an extent that it was frequently quite indifferent whether they pronounced at all or not. It is most amusing to hear German critics boast that only Germans understand dramatic music, while experience teaches that every bad Italian singer in the worst Italian Opera declaims more naturally and expressively than the best Germans can do. The recitative has fared worst; in it singers have become accustomed to see only a certain conventional sequence of tonal phrases, which they can pull about and draw out according to their sweet will. When in opera the recitative commences, it means to them, 'The Lord be praised, here is an end to that cursed tempo, which off and on compels us to a kind of rational rendering; we can now float about in all directions, dwell on any note we like until the prompter has supplied us with the next phrase; the conductor has now no power over us, and we can take revenge for his pretensions by commanding him to give us the beat when it suits us,' etc. Although perhaps not all singers are conscious of this privilege of their genius, they, as a rule, involuntarily adopt this free and easy method, which confirms them in a certain natural laziness and flabbiness. A composer writing for German singers has therefore to take every care

in opposing an artistic necessity to this lazy thoughtlessness. Nowhere in the score of my *Lohengrin* have I written above a vocal phrase the word 'recitative'; the singers ought not to know that there are any recitatives in it; on the other hand, I have been intent upon weighing and indicating the verbal emphasis of speech so surely and so distinctly that the singers need only sing the notes, exactly according to their value in the given tempo, in order to get purely by that means the declamatory expression. I therefore request the singers particularly to sing all declamatory passages in my operas at first in strict tempo, as they are written. By pronouncing them throughout vividly and distinctly much is gained. If, proceeding from this basis with reasonable liberty and accelerating rather than holding back, they manage to obliterate the painful effect of the tempo altogether, and produce an emotional and poetic mode of speech, then—all is gained.

"If we consider honestly and unselfishly the essence of music, we must own that it is in a large measure a means to an end, that end being in rational opera the drama, which is most emphatically placed in the hands of the representatives on the stage. That these representatives disappeared for Dingelstedt, that in their stead he only heard the utterance of orchestral instruments, grieves me, for I see that, as regards fire and expression, the singers remained behind the support of the orchestra. I own that a singer supported by the orchestra in such a manner as is here the case, must be of the very highest and best quality, and I fully believe that such singers could not easily be found in Weimar, and in Germany generally. But what is really the essential and principal thing here? Is it voice only? Surely not. It is life and fire, and in addition to that, earnest endeavour and a strong and powerful will."

I was also reading in connection with Bayreuth and Wagner, "My Musical Life," by Haweis, which abounds in suggestive thoughts. Here, for instance, in speaking of natural gifts, is encouragement for those who, from lack of time, means, or opportunity must needs forego the expensive luxury of thorough vocal training.

"There are some people whose musical organization is so fine, and whose instinctive method is so true, that without that stern discipline usually essential to the production of the voice, they have managed to teach themselves how to sing, modestly, but faultlessly, as far as they go."



A Good Record.



SIXTY Symphony Concerts in one season—that is young Mr. Dan Godfrey's record at Bournemouth. And to these must be added the ordinary daily performances in the Pavilion of the Winter Gardens, at which music of the best kind is provided.

When, last October, Mr. Godfrey suggested a series of Symphony Concerts, opinions as to the advisability of the movement were divided. There was already the weekly Classical Concert. Was not that sufficient? asked the opponents of the scheme. The allusion was an unfortunate one for the objectors. The success which had attended these Classical Concerts—in other words, the large number of "good people" who flocked to them—was in itself a strong argument in favour of Mr. Godfrey's scheme, which was merely a development of the same idea.

The whole question, so far as the authorities were concerned, was, of course, one of pounds, shillings and pence; and even upon this point the energetic Musical Director was full of confidence.

"Give me facilities for carrying out my proposal," he said, "and I will demonstrate to you the attractive qualities of the highest class of music."

The authorities knew their man, and, to their credit be it said, acted upon his counsel. The necessary increase in the number of Mr. Godfrey's orchestra was sanctioned, and on the 12th of October the first of the series of Symphony Concerts was given. It was a great success—a triumph for conductor and band. A brilliant programme was carried out in a manner which brought honour and praise to all concerned in it.

The people of Bournemouth saw more clearly than ever that in Mr. Dan Godfrey they had a musician of the very first rank, to whom they might look for greater things than they had hitherto believed possible.

Right through the winter the Symphony Concerts were continued, and not only was the interest in them sustained, but it went on growing week by week, until the 7th of last month, when the conclusion of the season was reached, to everybody's regret.

A few details of Mr. Godfrey's scheme will be interesting. As has already been stated, it provided for sixty concerts, and at these no less than thirty-five Symphonies and twenty-five Concertos were given, with one exception in their entirety.

The list of Symphonies performed included the whole of Beethoven's immortal Nine, the choral movement of the last being, of

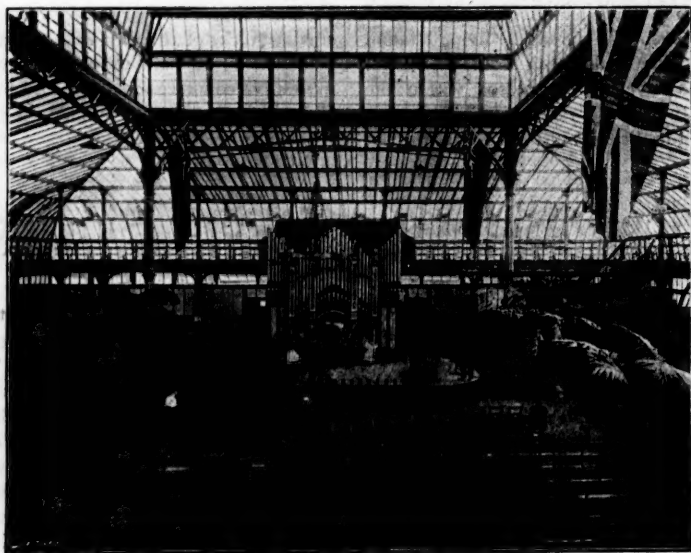
necessity, omitted; the whole of Mendelssohn's, including the *Lobgesang*; five of Papa Haydn's; the same number of Schubert's; Schumann's Nos. 1 and 2; Gade's Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5; Mozart's *Jupiter*; Brahms' op. 73; and Dvorák's No. 1. The Concertos, Overtures, Suites, and occasional pieces ranged from Handel to Grieg, and included some of the most recent orchestral works of our present-day writers.

Concerning the quality of Mr. Godfrey's orchestra, now known as the Bournemouth Municipal Band, it is not too much to say that among its members may be found some of the finest orchestral

players in this country. The leader, Mr. W. J. Evans, was trained under that great *chef d'orchestre*, the late Mr. Carrodus, and although quite a young man, is an artist of undoubted ability and power.

Mr. Godfrey, who until recently held a yearly contract with the municipal authorities, has now been engaged as a permanent borough official at the handsome salary of £650 a year; the members of the band being, of course, paid by the Corporation.

The accompanying view of the Bournemouth Pavilion, in which Mr. Godfrey's concerts take place, is published by permission of Messrs. Mate & Sons.



The Pianoforte Pedals.



AMONGST the many misconceptions of young pianists in regard to their instrument, none are more widely spread than that which leads to the belief that the pedals can be used properly and effectively without due thought or study. It is such an easy matter to press down the pedals compared with the hard practice the fingers have to undergo, that the student overlooks the fact that here lies one of the special difficulties of the piano. By an artistic use of the pedal many beautiful and entirely different effects are obtained, the scope and power of the instrument is enlarged, and much of the coldness of the piano is removed, or at least softened.

The left hand or soft pedal is the least useful adjunct a piano-

forte possesses. The tone is softened by the hammer striking two strings instead of three, the pressure on the pedal moving either the hammers or the keyboard a little to one side. But as the piano is only accurately in tune when all three wires are struck, this arrangement is bad. Another method, now become more common, is for the pressure on the pedal to bring into position a strip of flannel, which acts as a mute on the strings.

The soft pedal must be used with great caution, for, if held down too long, the softened, dull tone produced becomes monotonous. It should never be used except according to the indications of the composer, and only then if the tone of the piano is pure and good. It will be found that in a given piece the soft pedal may be effec-

tively used on one piano and not on another, owing to the difference in the quality of tone. When used sparingly, a dim, mysterious, or sometimes a quiet, chastened effect is produced, which depends essentially on contrast with the usual tone of the instrument. Its use merely to produce a soft tone is inadmissible. That should always proceed from a lighter touch. The best direction we can give is to use it as little as possible.

The loud, or damper pedal, is indispensable to a cultivated pianist. We should hope that no one in these days of music schools and examinations would hold down the damper pedal throughout an entire piece. The result is horrible to a musical ear; in fact, the most rudimentary knowledge of harmony would prevent such a mischievous misuse. The term "loud" pedal is wrong. It is used with equal frequency and effect in both loud and soft passages. Its simplest use is to prolong a note or notes after the fingers have left the keys while other notes are being struck, care being taken not to confuse the harmonies. The modern school of pianists use it very freely; the harmonies are allowed to overlap in passages where the quick *tempo* prevents confusion, and a variety of effects are thus obtained. Where a composer has marked its use, his indications should be followed, with occasional careful additions. The composers of the early part of this century, including Beethoven, mark it very sparingly. Beethoven's sonatas are excellent for study of what we may call a conservative use of the pedal. The student who will compare an unedited edition of Beethoven with the editions of Klindworth, or Lebert and Bülow, in which additional pedal indications are given, will learn how far it is legitimate to exceed the composer's own indications. Chopin marks the pedal very freely. His A-flat study is one of the best examples of what beautiful harmonic effects can be produced by its artistic use. Down to the time of Schumann, composers were careful to mark where the pedal was to be pressed and released. Schumann, and others of his school, as well as many recent composers, simply place *Ped.* at the beginning of the piece, and leave the rest to the discretion of the performer. In such pieces the effect may be spoiled through too much pedal. Dr. Hans Bischoff's edition of Schumann's pianoforte works contains valuable pedal indications throughout, and no better work exists for the study of a free yet artistic manner of using it.

The pedal is commonly pressed when the note is struck, and released before the next harmonic progression is reached. In a succession of chords fulness of tone is obtained by pressing the pedal immediately after striking the keys, and releasing it at the moment of striking the next chord, as shown in the following example:—



The pedal may also be pressed after the fingers have left the keys, as the lifting of the dampers allows the vibrations of the strings to again become audible. Notes played in this manner have a floating, ethereal effect, very beautiful in certain passages. It is said that Liszt obtained some of his astonishing effects in this manner. When a staccato chord is struck *ff* and the pedal simultaneously pressed, great force is obtained. Excellent examples of this occur in the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata.

Some teachers forbid the use of the pedal in staccato passages. It will, however, be found that a passage played staccato with the pedal down, avoiding confusion of the harmony, has an effect not otherwise obtainable. But it must be remembered that the beauty of the staccato touch is its crispness, clearness, and lightness—qualities which are obscured by the pedal; and accordingly great discrimination is here required, or the result is disastrous.

The use of the pedal in compositions of a date anterior to its introduction is sometimes objected to as a musical anachronism. We do not agree with this view, holding that anything is legitimate which adds to a tasteful and artistic performance. This question is, however, bound up with the larger one of the possibility or desirability of performing works of a former period in the manner of that period, instead of in the manner of our own time.

To sum up, a study of the pedal indications of the best modern composers, and of well-edited editions of the classics, together with some knowledge of harmony, and, above all, an artistic discrimination and correct ear, are all necessary to make full and effective use of the damper pedal.

C.

Notes by a Music-Seller.

WHERE is the young lady whose *répertoire* does not include Mr. Edward German's Dances? So refined and yet so piquant, they are welcome wherever they are played; and although many of their beauties can only be brought out by the orchestra for which they were written, the transcriptions for the piano by the composer himself are always effective and elegant. The charming Suite, from the *Romeo and Juliet* music, composed for Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of Shakespeare's tragedy last autumn, a pianoforte arrangement of which has just been published by Messrs. Novello, will certainly be not less popular. The five movements are all in Mr. German's happiest vein. What, for instance, could be more dainty than the Pavane from the first act, which never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of Mr. Robertson's audiences? And the Nocturne, suggestive of the interview between Romeo and his bride, if not quite so taking in style, is full of delicious feeling.

The name of the well-known publisher, Mr. Edwin Ashdown, is a guarantee of good things, and the pianoforte music he sends me this month is more than usually attractive. Anything more pleasing for very young performers than "Album Leaves" a set of four short pieces without octaves, by Fred. J. Harper, I have seldom met with. "Valse Interrompue" and "Nocturne" by Ignace Gibsone, "Fairy Tales" by J. H. Wallis, and "Spring Song" by Strelezki,

are all admirably written trifles, and will find favour with amateurs who are not above turning their attention to the lighter works of present-day writers. Mr. Walter Macfarren is a safe composer, and his many admirers should not fail to make themselves acquainted with the "Impromptu Gavotte" which bears his name.

I have stocked Messrs. Louis Oertel & Co's collection of pianoforte compositions, and find them selling well. They are clearly printed, and generally well got up. The music, as a rule, is pretty and fairly simple, without being trivial.

I often hear it stated that the violin is losing its popularity, and that its place is being taken by the less pretentious members of the string family, such as the mandoline and the guitar. However this may be, there is certainly no dearth of new music written for amateur fiddlers, and my present list of novelties includes many such pieces. New numbers of Novello's Violin and Pianoforte Albums contain compositions by such excellent writers as Hubert Parry, Emile Sauret, Oliver King, Siegfried Jacoby, and S. Cole-ridge-Taylor. These names speak for themselves. To quite young players I can recommend "Twelve Morceaux Faciles" (Edition Chanot); and to those who are fairly advanced, "Canzonetta" by Anton Strelezki (Paterson & Sons), and a Nocturne by Guido Papini (Joseph Williams). Violoncellists will be glad to have their

attention called to Arthur Hervey's "Légende Espagnole," and two new pieces, "Vieille Chanson" and "Deuxieme Mazurka," by the eminent artist-composer, Joseph Hollman, all published by Novello.

Novello's Primers have long ago taken their place amongst standard educational works, and students will be glad to know that the series is being still further extended. One of the latest additions is Mr. Francesco Berger's Primer of the Pianoforte. Unlike Mr. Ernest Pauer's book in the same series, this Primer is intended for beginners; and the author claims, as so many authors have claimed before, "that it is quite original not only in its progressive order but also in the language employed." The book is already in demand by many of my customers who are engaged in

teaching, although it is handicapped by what Mr. Berger calls "the more universal 'foreign' fingering."

Mr. A. R. Gaul, the well-known and deservedly popular composer, has expressed his opinion very emphatically upon the question discussed at "Our Round Table" last month. A customer of mine, a gentleman of good position in the musical world, has received a letter from him in which he refers to the subject. Mr. Gaul says: "From the remarks I hear from thoroughly qualified teachers I believe the musical profession is *very much* overcrowded. If I had a dozen sons, I would not bring up *one* as a *professional* musician."

The Academies.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Thursday afternoon, at St. George's Hall, Mortimer Street, a pianoforte recital was given by Mr. Horace Kesteven, who received his musical education at the above Academy, and is, at present, I believe, a professor there. Although but a young man, he has attained great proficiency in the art of pianoforte playing, as was clearly shown by the performance of the following programme:—

- | | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----------------|
| I. Concerto in G minor | ... | ... | ... | Saint-Saëns. |
| II. a. Rhapsody | ... | ... | ... | Brahms. |
| b. Rêve Angélique | ... | ... | ... | Rubinstein. |
| c. Novelette | ... | ... | ... | Schumann. |
| d. Ritornell | ... | ... | ... | Meyer-Helmund. |
| e. Soirée de Vienne | ... | ... | ... | Schubert-Liszt. |
| f. Impromptu, Op. 2, No. 1 | ... | ... | ... | Hutcheson. |
| g. Scherzino | ... | ... | ... | |
| III. a. Nocturne, No. 3. | ... | ... | ... | Chopin. |
| b. Impromptu, No. 1. | ... | ... | ... | |
| c. Etude in C sharp minor | ... | ... | ... | |
| d. Rhapsody, No. 14 | ... | ... | ... | Liszt. |

As we go to press, we hear that the students of the London Academy,—I should have said professional students,—are giving their well-known annual Orchestral and Vocal Summer Concert, under the able direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer, at St. James's Hall, on Friday afternoon, May 22. We have no doubt as to how the students will acquit themselves on that occasion, and of which I shall have more to say next month.

The examinations for students will take place on June 29 and 30 and July 1, 2, and 3, when diplomas, gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded to the successful competitors.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 28, Miss Mabel Phillips (Benedict Exhibitioner), and Miss Suzanne Stokvis (Henry Smart Scholar), gave a pianoforte recital. Miss Phillips' section of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, in D minor; Mendelssohn's Capriccio, Op. 33, No. 2, in E major; Impromptu, Op. 36, in F sharp (Chopin); and Rhapsody, Op. 79, in B minor by Brahms. She also played, in conjunction with Miss Stokvis, an Andante and Variations for two pianofortes by Schumann, and a Duo for two pianofortes, Op. 87, by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. Miss Stokvis contributed the following: Prelude and Toccata, Op. 57, in F, by Vinzenz Lachner; Fantaisie-Impromptu, Op. 66, in C sharp minor, by F. Chopin; Liebestraum, in A flat (A Dream of Love); Nocturne, by Franz Liszt; and Aufschwung, Op. 12, in F minor (No. 2 of *Phantasie-Stücke*), by Schumann.

On Tuesday, May 5, a students' invitation concert was given by the following artists: Organist, Master Ralph R. Jones; Vocalists, Miss Neville Smith, Miss Ada Coates, Miss Annie Wade, Miss Louise Mylius, Miss Florence Shore, Mrs. Blazey, Mr. Richard Tate, and Mr. Reuben Fairhurst; Pianists, Miss Florence Hawthorn, Miss Rose Gaywood, and Miss Amy Biffen; and Violinist, Miss Vera Douglas.

The following Scholarships and Exhibitions will be competed for in July next: Henry Smart Organ Scholarship, Queen Victoria Composition Scholarship, one Pianoforte Scholarship and one vocal Scholarship, all tenable for three years; the Benedict Pianoforte Exhibition, Sims Reeves vocal exhibition, and one exhibition in each of the subjects of organ, violin, viola, violoncello, and double-bass, all tenable for one year. These Scholarships and Exhibitions are open to all comers under the regulations, and the last day on which the names of Candidates will be received is June 1.

The Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall takes place on Monday evening, June 8.

THE LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

The students of the above School, assisted by Mr. Alfred Gallrein, gave their monthly concert on Saturday, May 16.

At the Queen's (small) Hall, on Saturday, June 6, Miss Leila K. Smith (a student of the London Organ School), assisted by Miss Beatrice Gough (soprano), Mr. Percy Bright (tenor), Mr. Oswald Laston (violin), and Mr. Alfred Gallrein (violoncello), will give a concert commencing at 3 p.m.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

It is intended by the College authorities to organize a Ladies' Choir for the performance of trios, part-songs, cantatas, etc., under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott, Dr. F. J. Karn, and Mr. G. Augustus Holmes.

Miss Pauline Barrett's next Dramatic Recital will take place in June.

The examinations at centres in various parts of the United Kingdom, South Africa, and other colonial and foreign centres, ended April 30. The half-term commences on June 8.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Messrs. Algernon Ashton, Arthur Somervell, and Dr. E. H. Turpin, on Tuesday, April 28, awarded the Charles Mortimer Prize for composition to William H. Reed, and commended J. C. Holbrook and Elsie E. Horne.

The Parepa Rosa Scholarship was competed for on Wednesday, April 29. The examiners, Messrs. Francis Korbay, Arthur L. Oswald, and Alberto Randegger (chairman), awarded the scholarship to Emily Gertrude Drinkwater, and highly commended Liliano Isabel Newbiggin, Jessie Georgina Stewart, and Gertrude Annie Snow.

The Sterndale Bennett Scholarship was also competed for on Wednesday, April 29. The examiners, Messrs. Tobias A. Matthey, W. Frye Parker, Dr. Charles Steggall, Septimus Webb, and Walter Macfarren (chairman), awarded the scholarship to Joseph Charles Holbrook, and highly commended H. W. Withers and C. H. W. Hickin.

In the Hayfield.

WORDS BY E. A. B.

MUSIC BY WALTER BARNETT.

With spirit.

VOICE.

1. Girls and boys come out to play, Ho, ho, Les-sons are done!
2. In the fields we'll gai - ly shout, Ho, ho, Les-sons are done!
3. If the hay is brown and dry, Ho, ho, Les-sons are done!

PIANO.

In the fields a - mong the hay, Ho, ho, Quick let us run!
Toss the new mown hay a - bout, Ho, ho, Quick let us run!
We can help to pile it high, Ho, ho, Quick let us run!

Let us haste with all our might, While the sun is warm and bright,
Down the val - ley and up the hill, Jump and tum - ble where we will,
When with play we're sa - tis - fied, We will climb the wa - gon's side, And

rall.

a tempo

For we may get rain to - night, Ho, ho, Won't it be fun!
We can ne - ver come to ill, Ho, ho, Won't it be fun!
home in - tri - umph we will ride, Ho, ho, Won't it be fun!

rall.

a tempo

"Poppies Red."

WORDS BY NINA LAYARD.

MUSIC BY HILDA WALLER.

Allegro animato.

PIANO

mf *rall. e dim.* *a tempo*

p semplice

1. O - pen'd the morn - ing with drops of dew, Clear in the ev - 'ning the stars shone through,
2. He to the bind - ing, and I to glean, Ne - ver was mer - ri - er work I wean,

cresc. *dim.* *rall.*

1. Out in the fields when the corn was high Work's we to - ge - ther, my John and I.
2. How he laugh'd as the stalks fell round, How I blush'd as they strew'd the ground.

cresc. *dim.* *rall.*

mf a tempo

Pop - pies red and a field of gold, That's where the sto - ry of our

mf

cresc.

love was told, Pop - pies red and a field of gold, That's where the sto - ry of our

rall. *a tempo* *cresc.*

D.S. for 2nd verse.

love was told, The sto - - ry of our love was told.

rall. *mf a tempo*

risoluto
Straight and strong as a

dim. *mf*

for - est tree, Firm and good as a man should be Ten - der truth in his

dolce

blue eyes shone Is it a won - der that I lov'd John? Is it a won - der that I lov'd John?

dim. *cresc.* *rall.*

mf a tempo
Pop - pies red and a field of gold, That's where the sto - ry of our love was told,

mf a tempo *rall.*

Pop - pies red and a field of gold, That's where the sto - ry of our love was told, The

a tempo *cresc.*

sto - ry of our love was told.



Birdie in the Wood.

VIOLONCELLO.

(Op. 82. No. 3.)

CONRADIN KREUTZER.



Grazioso.

Violoncello score for "Birdie in the Wood." The score is written in 8/8 time and consists of ten staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked *Grazioso*. The score includes various dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *dimin.* (diminuendo), *f* (forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p dim.* (piano diminuendo), *fp* (fortissimo piano), and *f* (forte). The score also features first and second endings, indicated by the numbers 1 and 3. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and melodic lines.



Birdie in the Wood.

(Op. 82. No. 3.)

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

Grazioso.

Violoncello.

Grazioso.

Pianoforte.

p

A

1. Yög - lein singt im Wal - de, singt so hell und klar;
1. Bir - die sings in woody shade, sings so sweet and clear,

pp

AB

Vög - - lein darf im Wal - - de
 bir - - dich life in es - - er glad,

sich des Le - - bens freun, des Le - -
 joy and peace are near, joy and

p dim.
dim
 bens freun.
 peace are near.

C

2. Vög - lein lebt im Wal - de, bau - et sich ein Haus.
 3. Vög - lein stirbt im Wal - de, ein get selbst sich ein.
 2. Bir - die wohnt in lea - sy grove, builds a co - sy nook,
 3. Bir - die dies a - midst the green, sings him - self to rest,



2. Vög - - leins Lieb im Wal - - de
3. Vög - - leins Tod im Wal - - de
2. bir - - die Aides his dree - - rest lose,
3. bir - - die's death a - - midst the green



2. spüht kein Nei - - - der aus, kein Nei - -
3. muss gar se - - - lig sein, gar se - -
2. from each en - - - ci - - aus look, from each en - -
3. must in deed be blest, must in - -



2. - - der aus.
3. - - lig sein.
2. ci - - aus look.
3. deed be blest.



B

Vög - - lein darf im Wal - - de
 bir - - dich life do ev - - er glad,

sich des Le - - bens freun, des Le - -
 joy and peace are near, joy and

cresc.

p dim.

dim

bens freun.
 peace are near.

p

C

2. Vög - lein liebt im Wal - de, bau - et sich ein Haus.
 3. Vög - lein stirbt im Wal - de, ein get selbst sich ein.
 2. Bir - die wohnt in lea - - sy grove, builds a co - - sy nook,
 3. Bir - die dies a - midst the green, sings him - self to rest,

2. Vög - - leins Lieb im Wal - - do
 3. Vög - - leins Tod im Wal - - do
 2. bir - - die Hiden Als der - - real love,
 3. bir - - die's death a - - midst the green

2. spüht kein Nei - - der aus, kein Nei - -
 3. muss gar se - - lig sein, gar se - -
 2. from each en - - ci - - ous look, from each en - -
 3. must in - - deed be blest, must in - -

2. - - der aus.
 3. - - lig sein.
 2. ci - - ous look.
 3. deed be blest.



Aimée.

MANDOLINE.

E. W. TAPPER, A.L.C.M.

Allegro.

Musical notation for the *Allegro* section, consisting of ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, time signatures, and notes. It features first and second endings marked with '1.' and '2.', and a triplets section marked with '3.'. The section concludes with the word *Fine.*

Andante Cantabile

Musical notation for the *Andante Cantabile* section, consisting of two staves. The notation includes treble clefs, time signatures, and notes. The section concludes with the instruction *D.C. al Fine.*



Aimée.

PIANO.

E. W. TAPPER, A.L.C.M.

Allegro.

MANDOLINE.

PIANO.

Musical score for Mandoline and Piano, featuring two systems of staves. The first system includes a Mandoline staff and a Piano staff (treble and bass clefs). The second system includes a Mandoline staff and a Piano staff (treble and bass clefs). The score is marked 'Allegro.' and includes first and second endings.

Mene mosso.



1.

2.

Fine.

Andante Cantabile.

D.C. al Fine.

D.C. al Fine.

Monserate Polka.

M. S. HOWELL.

In Polka time.

INTRO



Posthumous Valse.



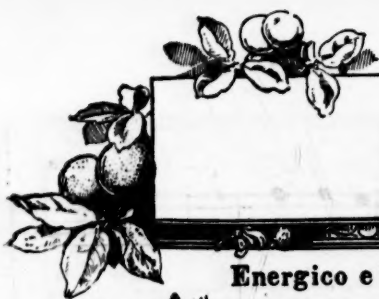
First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three flats and a 2/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It concludes with the word **FINE** written in the right margin.

Third system of musical notation, marked **TRIO** on the left. The key signature changes to two flats, and the time signature changes to 3/4. The melody in the treble staff is more spacious, using half and quarter notes.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the Trio section. The treble staff features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the Trio section. It ends with the instruction **D.C. al FINE** in the right margin.



Posthumous Valse.

C. M. VON WEBER.



Energico e brillante.

PIANO.

f *R.H.* *L.H.* *

con grazia *p dolce* *

mp

p

This page contains six systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system features a complex melodic line in the treble with many beamed notes and a supporting bass line. The second system has a more rhythmic feel with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The third system includes first and second endings, marked '1.' and '2.'. The fourth system features a dense texture with many beamed notes and a strong bass line. The fifth system also includes first and second endings, marked '1.' and '2.'. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The page is numbered 431 at the bottom.

431

TO R. MACHILL GARTH, Esq.

Minuet.

(Op. 2. No. 4.)

HARRY A. THOMSON.

PIANO.

p

dim.

f *poco dimin.*

p

dolce *p*

dim. *e rall.*

Scherzo.

(Op. 2. No. 5.)

HARRY A. THOMSON.

Presto.

PIANO.

f

p

mf *e sempre cresc.* *f*

cresc. con fuoco *mp* *dolce*

molto rall.

a tempo *f*

8

sf

sf *pp*

crescendo ed accelerando poco a poco

f cresc. **Tempo I.**

poco a poco più moto

ff

ff con fuoco

f *p* *cresc. molto accel.*

Prestissimo.

ff



Elégie Harmonique.



Andante.

Harmonium.

① ① ④

⑥ *f* *p* ⑥

① ① ④

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

f *p* *f* *f* ⑥

②

p *f*

cresc. *f*

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a circled 'X' above the first note. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and ties. The bass line consists of sustained notes, some with slurs. The score ends with a double bar line.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Song of the Lark". The score is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a piano introduction marked "p". The main melody is in the treble staff, starting with a forte piano "sp" marking. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, including a section marked "cresc." (crescendo). The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and chords, as well as dynamic markings like "p", "sp", and "cresc.".

Musical score for "Prestissimo" by Franz Liszt. The score is in 2/4 time and consists of 12 measures. The piano part is in the upper staff and the guitar part is in the lower staff. The tempo is marked "Prestissimo." and the dynamics range from "rallent." to "ff".

Più lento.

The second system of the musical score for 'L'Espresso'. It begins with a piano introduction in the treble and bass staves. The tempo is marked 'Più lento.' The music includes dynamic markings like 'f' and 'ff', and articulation like 'p' and 'sf'. There are also some performance instructions like '1' and 'p'.

Andante.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments like grace notes and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of 'pp' (pianissimo) is present in the middle of the system.

A musical score for a piano piece, likely a waltz, in 3/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score is written for piano (p) and includes a dynamic marking 'pdim.' (piano diminuendo). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece is titled 'The Merry Widow' (No. 1) and is from the opera 'The Merry Widow' by Franz Lehár.

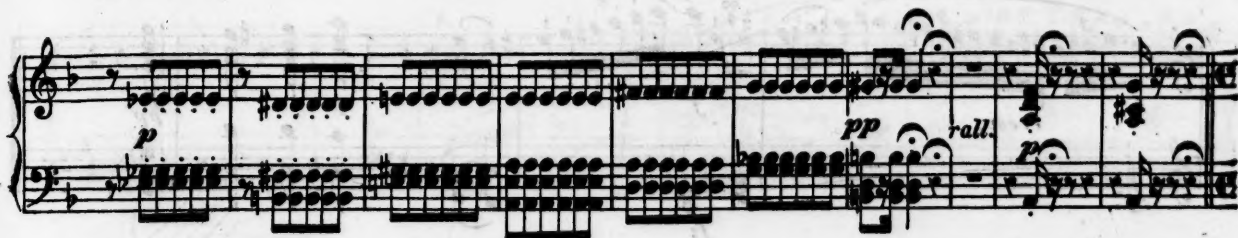
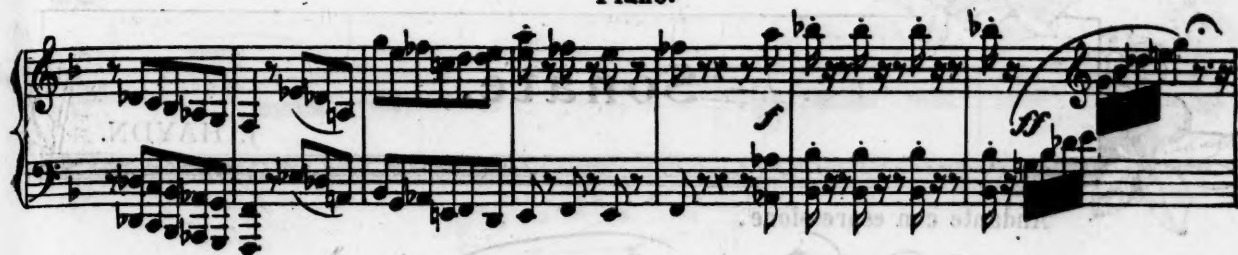


Elégie Harmonique.

Piano.

Andante.

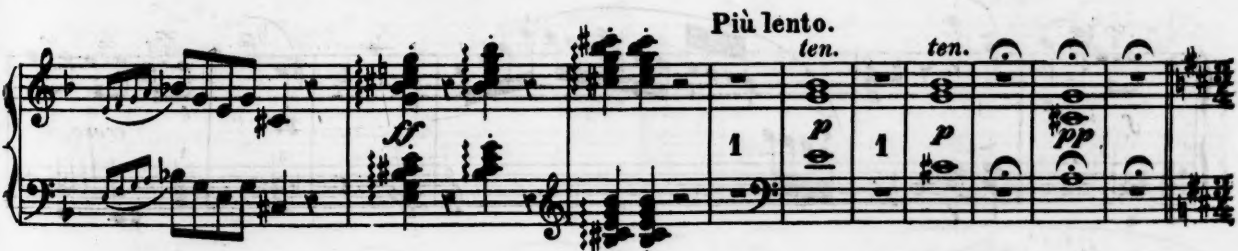
Piano.



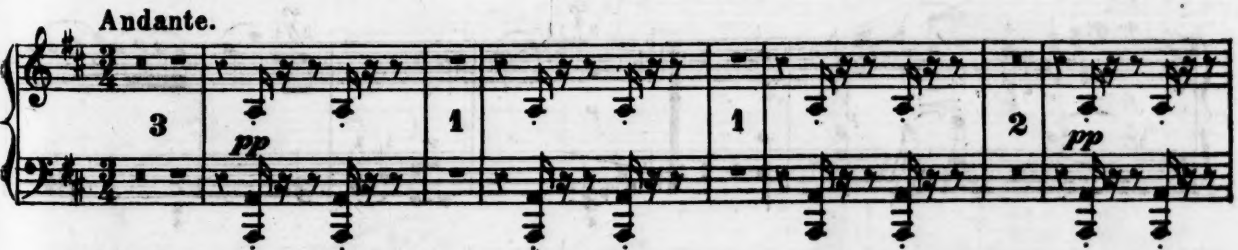
Prestissimo.



Più lento.



Andante.





Sonate.

J. HAYDN.



Andante con espressione.

Nº 21.

This page of musical notation consists of seven systems of staves, each containing a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes a variety of musical elements:

- System 1:** Treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. Both staves feature eighth-note patterns and triplets.
- System 2:** Treble staff has a fermata over the first measure. Bass staff includes a triplet and a *f* (forte) dynamic.
- System 3:** Treble staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. Bass staff includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and a *f* dynamic.
- System 4:** Treble staff features a series of triplets and sixteenth-note runs. Bass staff has a *f* dynamic.
- System 5:** Treble staff begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. Bass staff includes a *pp* dynamic and a *f* dynamic.
- System 6:** Treble staff includes a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. Bass staff has a *f* dynamic.
- System 7:** Treble staff includes a *p* dynamic and a *pp* dynamic. Bass staff includes a *pp* dynamic and a *f* dynamic.

The notation is highly detailed, with many slurs, ties, and articulation marks throughout the piece.

This page of musical notation contains seven systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics used are *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *pp* (pianissimo), and *cresc.* (crescendo). There are also articulation marks like accents and slurs, and fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation is complex, with many beamed notes and slurs, suggesting a fast and technically demanding piece.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely in a minor key as indicated by the key signature of two flats. It consists of seven systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes a variety of musical elements:

- System 1:** Features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and harmonic development. Dynamic markings include *p* and *f*.
- System 3:** Shows a more active bass line with eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *f* and *p*.
- System 4:** Includes a *dim* (diminuendo) marking in the bass. The melody features some triplet figures. Dynamic markings include *p* and *f*.
- System 5:** Features a complex melodic line in the treble with many beamed sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings include *f* and *sf* (sforzando).
- System 6:** Includes another *dim.* marking in the bass. The melody continues with intricate patterns. Dynamic markings include *p* and *f*.
- System 7:** The final system on the page, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes. Dynamic markings include *f*.

The notation is detailed, with many slurs, ties, and fingerings indicated throughout the piece.

**Rondo.
Presto.**

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical elements such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes both piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) markings. The third system features a piano (*p*) marking. The fourth system includes a forte (*f*) marking. The fifth system also includes a forte (*f*) marking. The sixth system is marked piano (*p*). The seventh system includes a forte (*f*) marking. The notation is complex, with many beamed notes and fingerings indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, consisting of seven systems of staves. The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff of the first system has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking, and the second staff has an *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The notation includes many beamed notes, suggesting a fast or rhythmic passage. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the fourth system. The notation is dense, with many notes and rests, and includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The page is numbered 446 at the bottom.



69

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of seven systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The score is written in a fluid, handwritten style typical of 19th-century manuscripts.



M

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